






THE NEW SOUTH.



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HENRY W. GRADY.

[From a Photograph by C. W. Motes.]

THE
NEW SOUTH.

BY
HENRY W. GRADY,

WITH A CHARACTER SKETCH OF HENRY W.
GRADY

BY OLIVER DYER,
AUTHOR OF "GREAT SENATORS."

NEW YORK:
ROBERT BONNER'S SONS.

1890.

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PRESS OF
THE NEW YORK LEDGER
NEW YORK.

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A CHARACTER SKETCH
OF
HENRY WOODFIN GRADY.

BY OLIVER DYER.

AUTHOR OF "GREAT SENATORS."

Henry Woodfin Grady was born in Athens, Ga., May 17, 1851. He was the eldest of three children. His father was a prosperous merchant in Athens before the war, and his mother (whose maiden name was Gartrell) was an intelligent lady, of deep religious convictions, in whom sweetness of disposition and force of character were happily blended. Mr. Grady's biographers tell us that he was a

boy of unusual promise from his earliest years, and it is recorded that his youth and early manhood amply fulfilled all the promises of his boyhood. His father lost his life in the Confederate service when Henry was in his fourteenth year. This tragic event profoundly affected the generous and high-spirited boy, who revered his father and loved him with passionate devotion. The maintenance and guidance of the family, including Henry and his younger brother and sister, William and Martha, devolving upon the widowed mother, she developed all the mental and spiritual resources necessary for the successful discharge of her onerous duties. Henry continued his studies, and was graduated from the University of

Georgia in 1868, at the age of seventeen. He then entered the University of Virginia, and took his degree in that institution before he was twenty years old. He was married soon afterwards, and then began his struggle for bread and fame. Choosing journalism as his vocation, he made his first venture as editor of the Rome (Ga.) *Commercial*. Failing in this he next embarked his fortunes in the *Atlanta Herald* which had a brilliant but short-lived career. He then started the *Atlanta Capital*, a weekly paper which soon went the way of its unfortunate predecessors. These repeated failures involved Mr. Grady in such financial embarrassments that, as one of his biographers touchingly says, "He stood in At-

lanta bankrupt and almost broken-hearted. Everything behind him was blotted with failure, and nothing ahead of him was lighted with promise."

But he rose superior to his misfortunes and began to make reputation and friends. One of the latter (Cyrus W. Field) loaned him twenty thousand dollars with which to buy a quarter interest in the *Atlanta Constitution*, and he became permanently associated in the management of that prosperous newspaper. From that time he showed a genius for journalism, and his success was sufficient to gratify the highest professional ambition. As he grew in years and ripened in experience, his sympathies widely and rapidly expanded until they touched almost every

public interest that could stimulate elevated intelligence and appeal to enlightened patriotism.

He became intensely interested in the development of the South and in the eradication of the lingering sentiments of hostility between the South and the North, in order that the two sections might harmoniously coalesce and become blended in a perfectly unified nation. His magnificent efforts in this noble and patriotic mission brought him conspicuously before his countrymen; and when his brilliant and beneficent career was cut short by his sudden death at Atlanta, on December 23, 1889, the heart of the nation was pierced with sorrow. The whole country had become interested in

the work in which he was so devotedly engaged. One of the crowning portions of that work was done in the *New York Ledger*. It consisted of a series of articles, under the title of THE NEW SOUTH, on the subjects nearest Mr. Grady's heart. These articles were among the latest productions that came from his affluent pen, the last of the series being published in the *Ledger* only two days before Mr. Grady died. Those remarkable productions excited such deep and general interest when they were issued in the *Ledger* that there has been constant pressure for their publication in book form. This desire has been acceded to; the articles are to be issued in a volume bearing the title—THE NEW

SOUTH—selected by Mr. Grady himself ; and it having devolved upon the writer hereof to furnish an introduction to THE NEW SOUTH, he diffidently submits the following sketch and estimate of Mr. Grady's character and work.

MR. GRADY'S CHARACTER AND WORK.

A great many babies—boy babies—were born in Georgia in the year 1851, and myriads of others were born during the same year throughout the United States. These myriads of boy babies have gone their myriad ways; tens of thousands of them, let us hope, reached man's estate, and doubtless many thousands of them are still extant on this globe; and of all those myriads how many of them made the figure in the world that Henry Woodfin Grady made? how many of them achieved the distinction, or gained the admiration, or won the

affection, or wielded the influence which he achieved and gained and won and wielded? This question brings us face to face with the fact that Mr. Grady was an extraordinary man; a man who, among tens of thousands, stands out perspicuous, distinguished, picturesque, whose like is not discoverable among the myriads who were born in the United States during his natal year, or have come into being since that year.

In order to understand the character and career of such a man, we must perceive with clear vision what the central attribute of his nature was; what the inmost heart of him was; what his foremost purpose was; what was the propelling power within him that could so push

him on to the front over all obstacles and through all hinderances; what exalted motive governed him, sustained him, and in defeat and failure inspired him with unconquerable determination to begin anew and compel fortune to crown him with victory. Happily, it is not difficult to perceive what the central attribute of Mr. Grady's nature was, or what was the pivotal purpose of his life. They shine out with such radiance all through his career that they may be seen and known of all men. The central attribute of Mr. Grady's nature was unselfishness, disinterestedness, love — all-embracing love; the pivotal purpose of his life was to serve his country — every part of his country (his patriotism being as bound-

less as his love)—with absolute, uncalculating devotion.

In considering the love which was the central attribute of Mr. Grady's nature, the reader should not imagine it to be that vague, unembodied sentiment which usually passes for love, and is exhausted in that diffusive yearning over mankind which never focalizes itself sufficiently to bring comfort or render practical aid to any needy member of the human race. Mr. Grady's love was an organic force, with eyes to see and brain to plan and hands to execute. While, like the sun, it shed its cheering beams on every side, it was so individualized and focalized that it specially touched and inspired everybody within its range, shining alike

on the evil and on the good, and distilling its beneficent dew upon the just and the unjust.

Mr. Grady's patriotism partook of the quality of his love; although romantic and general, it was also practical and local. It was not that kind of patriotism which expends itself in eulogizing the American eagle. It took hold of the practical condition and interests of the country—of its diversified industries, its agriculture, its manufactures, its commerce, its internal development, its external relations, its education and its religion. In these respects Mr. Grady more nearly resembled Henry Clay than any one with whose character and life I am acquainted. Henry Grady, like Henry

Clay, loved his country with intense devotion. He loved all parts of his country, and everybody in it, and took a deep and personal interest in the vocations of his countrymen, and in everything which in the least contributed to the national welfare or the national glory.

And yet this man was a Southerner, a native of Georgia, whose father fell fighting under the flag of the Confederacy, and who never for an instant ceased to honor his father's conduct or to sympathize with his father's comrades. For, while patriotically accepting the result of the civil war and reverently recognizing the hand of an overruling Providence in the preservation of the American Union, Mr.

Grady never would admit that his father and his father's friends did wrong in fighting for what they believed to be a sacred cause. But while thus standing loyally by his father's memory, he hadn't the least bitterness of spirit against those who were for a time his father's foes. He recognized the civil war as a terrible episode in his country's history, and the vicissitudes and the lessons of the episode only made his country all the more dear to him. He was so widely and so thoroughly informed as to American history, and took such pride in the country's past career, in its present status and its future promise, that, while holding in lasting respect the banner under which his father died, his intelligent and genuine patriot-

ism led him to give the supreme devotion of his heart to the flag under which Washington and Marion and Sumter fought; the flag which floated over Lee in Mexico; the flag for which Jefferson Davis fought so gallantly and was so terribly wounded at Buena Vista; the flag on which victory perched at Appomattox, the Star-Spangled Banner which has streamed upon the wind of every sea as the ensign of freedom, and circled the earth with its glory.

Let Mr. Grady himself be heard on this subject, in the eloquent words which were greeted with vehement applause at the New England dinner in 1886:

“The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late

struggle between the States was war and not rebellion, revolution and not conspiracy, and that her convictions were as honest as yours. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hills—a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men, that of a brave and simple man [Mr. Grady's father] who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England—from Plymouth Rock all the way—would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death.

To the foot of that shaft I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life, was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His Almighty Hand, and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil—the American Union saved from the wreck of war.”

No wonder that the sons of New England to whom this manly and touching eloquence was addressed cheered it to the echo; no wonder that such a man

as he who uttered it should have gained a commanding influence in every part of the country. It was Mr. Grady's singularly good fortune that everything connected with him, and especially his birth-place, conspired to render him popular and to augment his influence. If he had been born in the North, with precisely the same character, genius and purpose, it is not probable that he could have gained any power in the South, or that he could have exerted a pacificating influence in either section of the Union. But having been born, reared and educated in the South, and being imbued with its noblest spirit and possessing its affectionate confidence, he could say anywhere in the Southern States, and say

without offense, what would not have been tolerated in a Northern man. And when he came North, and spoke in his frank, genial, eloquent way about the condition of affairs in the South and the aspirations of its inhabitants, his utterances were received not only as authoritative so far as the South was concerned, but as in many respects satisfactory to the North, which responded to his fervent but dignified tender of the olive branch with noble spontaneity; and so his eloquence became the medium whereby sectional discords were happily resolved and the sentiments of a previously distrustful, divided and antagonistic people were set flowing in currents of conciliation.

One secret of Mr. Grady's success with Northern audiences was the directness, the frankness, the pathos, the almost boyish simplicity with which he presented his case. Here is a passage from his speech in Boston (whence he went home to die) which will serve as an example of his manner and method in this respect. He had come to the discussion of the "Race Problem"—the question as to what shall be the future status of the negroes in the South, and this is the way he introduced it to the critical Bostonians, who he had just reason to believe were hostile to his views and his sentiments:

"Never, sir, has such a task been given to mortal stewardship. Never before in

this republic has the white race divided on the rights of an alien race. The red man was cut down as a weed, because he hindered the way of the American citizen. The yellow man was shut out of this republic, because he is an alien and inferior. The red man was the owner of the land—the yellow man highly civilized and assimilable—but they hindered both sections and are gone! But the black man, affecting but one section, is clothed with every privilege of government and pinned to the soil, and my people commanded to make good at any hazard, and at any cost, his full and equal heirship of American privilege and prosperity. It matters not that every other race has been routed or

excluded, without rhyme or reason. It matters not that wherever the whites and blacks have touched, in any era or in any clime, there has been irreconcilable violence. It matters not that no two races, however similar, have lived anywhere, at any time, on the same soil, with equal right, in peace! In spite of these things we are commanded to make good this change of American policy which has not, perhaps, changed American prejudice—to make certain here what has elsewhere been impossible between whites and blacks—and to reverse, under the very worst conditions, the universal verdict of racial history.

“And driven, sir, to this superhuman task with an impatience that brooks no

delay—a rigor that accepts no excuse—and a suspicion that discourages frankness and sincerity, we do not shrink from this trial. It is so interwoven with our industrial fabric that we cannot disentangle it if we would—so bound up in our honorable obligation to the world that we would not if we could. Can we solve it? The God who gave it into our hands, He alone can know. But this the weakest and the wisest of us do know; we cannot solve it with less than your tolerant and patient sympathy—with less than the knowledge that the blood that runs in your veins is our blood—and that when we have done our best, whether the issue be lost or won, we shall feel

your strong arms about us and hear the beating of your approving hearts.

“The resolute, clear-headed, broad-minded men of the South, the men whose genius made glorious every page of the first seventy years of American history, whose courage and fortitude you tested in five years of the fiercest war, whose energy has made bricks without straw and spread splendor amid the ashes of their war-wasted homes; these men wear this problem in their hearts and their brains, by day and by night. They realize, as you cannot, what this problem means; what they owe to this kindly and dependent race; the measure of their debts to the world in whose despite they defended and maintained slavery. And

though their feet are hindered in its undergrowth, and their march encumbered with its burdens, they have lost neither the patience from which comes clearness, nor the faith from which comes courage. Nor, sir, when in passionate moments is disclosed to them that vague and awful shadow, with its lurid abysses and its crimson stains, into which I pray God they may never go, are they struck with more of apprehension than is needed to complete their consecration!

“Such is the temper of my people. But what of the problem itself? Mr. President, we need not go one step further unless you concede right here that the people I speak for are as honest, as sensible and as just as your people,

seeking as earnestly as you would in their place, to rightly solve the problem that touches them at every vital point. If you insist that they are ruffians, blindly striving with bludgeon and shotgun to plunder and oppress a race, then I shall sacrifice my self-respect and tax your patience in vain. But admit that they are men of common sense and common honesty, wisely modifying an environment they cannot wholly disregard, guiding and controlling as best they can the vicious and irresponsible of either race, compensating error with frankness, and retrieving in patience what they lose in passion, and conscious all the time that wrong means ruin, admit this, and we

may reach an understanding to-night.”
[Great applause, and cheers.]

It was characteristic of the Bostonians that they responded to such a touching, straightforward, manly appeal as that, with applause and cheers. Whatever may have been their mental reservations, there was no reservation of their hearts. In truth, such eloquence is irresistible when addressed to a high-toned and intelligent audience.

Any one who has read the foregoing extracts from Mr. Grady's speeches must have observed, or at least have felt, that a pleasing unexpectedness is one of the charms of his style. Nor is the unexpectedness a mere play of words, an effort to startle or to amuse; it is often the utter-

ance of a great but thitherto unobserved truth which is thrown out by an emotion born in the depths of the speaker's soul. Mr. Grady's reference to Abraham Lincoln in his New England Dinner speech was a flash of that kind. He had referred to the Puritan colonists of New England and to the Cavalier colonists of the South, and argued that the union of the two strains of blood had produced a better type than either of them. A previous speaker having remarked that "the typical American was yet to come," Mr. Grady, in response to that statement, said :

"Let me tell you that he has already come. Great types, like valuable plants, are slow to flower and fruit. But from

the union of these colonist Puritans and Cavaliers, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this republic—Abraham Lincoln. He was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier; for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American, and that in his homely form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of his ideal government, charging it with such tremendous mean-

ing, and so elevating it above human suffering, that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from the cradle to human liberty. Let us, each cherishing the traditions and honoring his fathers, build with reverent hands to the type of his simple but sublime life, in which all types are honored; and in our common glory as Americans there will be plenty and some to spare for your forefathers and for mine."

While this eloquent outburst took the North by surprise, it fairly stunned the South. In some quarters, a murmur of Southern dissatisfaction was at first heard, but it was immediately hushed, and the South, on recovering from its surprise, applauded its favorite orator's

unexpected tribute to Abraham Lincoln as zealously as did the North. Indeed, so deep was the impression which the gifted young Southerner's appreciation of Lincoln made upon the South, that, at the great memorial meeting held in honor of Mr. Grady, at Atlanta, Ga., on December 26, 1890 (three days after his death), one of the orators (Walter B. Hill, of Macon, Ga.) used the following language:

“What was he to the nation? Compelled by the limitations of the hour to answer in one word, I choose this: *He it was who first taught the rising generation of the South to bind the name of Lincoln with that of Washington* ‘as a sign upon their hand and a frontlet on their brow.’”

Who can adequately estimate the conciliating influence upon the South of such a truth, proclaimed on such an occasion, in honor of the most admired and best loved Southern man of this generation?

Mr. Grady's entire career seems to have been strewn with peace-making incidents. I mean peace-making between the North and the South. No matter what enterprise he engaged in, or on what public occasion he spoke, something was done or said which tended to promote good feeling between the two sections, and which always broadened the scope of Mr. Grady's influence, and strengthened his hold upon the affection of the nation. We can see why this was so, if we recur to the fundamental truths

that the central attribute of Mr. Grady's nature was love, and that the pivotal purpose of his life was to serve his country. The inborn and outflowing lovingness of his nature kept him perpetually active in the prosecution of the main purpose of his life, and prevented him from cherishing feelings of resentment or a spirit of bitterness. His entire being was so dominated by love that it was easy for him to exercise the grace of forgiveness. He was not like the old Scotch Covenanter who, being on his death-bed, was told by his minister that in order to obtain God's forgiveness he must himself forgive an enemy whom he had vowed never to forgive. The sturdy old Covenanter at first refused to compromise the

affair in that way ; but after his faithful minister had labored with him to the very verge of dissolution, he faintly gasped : “ Well, I’ll forgive him, but *I wish I could get one good crack at him first !*”

That is about the kind of forgiveness which most people, whether they live in the North or dwell in the South, extend to their enemies. They always want to get a good crack at them first. Mr. Grady hadn’t a jot of this petty vindictiveness which hungers for revenge even in the hour of reluctant forgiveness. In fact, his nature was so loving, so sunny, cheery, bright and breezy that the malaria of malignity could not infest it, and hence it is doubtful if he ever had

occasion to exercise the grace of forgiveness at all.

It is said that Mr. Grady inherited these gracious qualities of his nature from his mother, for whom he ever cherished an ardent, devoted, immeasurable love—a love which, after it had deepened with the maturity and strength of his manhood, still retained the simplicity and freshness of his boyhood. In writing upon this topic, Mr. Wallace P. Reed, of the *Atlanta Constitution*, who knew Mr. Grady intimately, says :

“Twenty years ago the writer first saw Henry Grady and his mother together. He carried away a picture in his mind, and years later when he saw them together again it was the same.

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The brilliant idol of his people never drifted entirely beyond the range of that mother-heart.

“ ‘ It will please my mother !’

“ Many and many a time this tired and overworked man of affairs said this when some work of charity—some enterprise for the public good—some work for his beloved South was suggested. The thought was enough. I believe that hundreds of times, when the orator looked upon the smiling faces of his hearers amidst their hearty plaudits, he was looking beyond them to his mother’s face, and listening in anticipation to her words of encouragement.

“ Stern, rugged men were softened by the womanly tenderness of Henry Grady.

They wondered how he could be so hopeful, sympathetic and forgiving—so slow to speak words of bitterness and resentment—so ready to cheer and help the sad-hearted, the unfortunate and the erring. It was the mother speaking and working through the son !”

Other good and brilliant men have loved their mothers with undying affection, but no one has come within the scope of my observation who loved the humble, the poor, the outcast, as Henry Grady loved them. In the beginning of his career he enriched literature with a number of sketches and stories. A careful study of these productions reveals that attractive quality of Mr. Grady's nature to which reference has just been

made. His heroes and heroines are never taken from the higher walks of life, but always from the ranks of the poor and the unfortunate. He loves to throw the glamour of romantic prosperity and happiness over the squalid lives of the miserable and the wretched. It is evident that in some cases his characters walked the streets of Atlanta and took hold of his purse as well as of his imagination; and that while his sympathetic genius glorified their ideal possibilities, his practical benevolence relieved their sordid sufferings. To him, some wretched creature who had been worsted in life's battle and had perhaps come under the dominion of strong drink, presented a more interesting study than any of

earth's potentates. This truth is attractively illustrated in one of his sketches, where after dilating upon the sad fate of certain unfortunate creatures, he goes on in this charming fashion :

“ I don't know how it is, but I have a mania for looking into cases of this sort. It is not philanthropy with me ; it is a disease.

“ At the editorial desk, I sit opposite a young man of a high order of mind.

“ He makes it a point to compass the problems of nations. I dodge them. He has settled, to his own agreement, every European problem of the past decade. Those problems have settled me. He soars—I plod. Once in a while, when he yearns for a listener, he reaches down for

my scalp, and lifts me up to his altitude, where I shiver and blink, until his talented fingers relax and I drop home. It delights him to adjust his powerful mind to the contemplation of contending armies,—I swash around with the swarm that hangs about me.

“His hero is Bismarck, that phlegmatic miracle that has yoked impulse to an ox, and having made a chess-board of Europe, plays a quiet game with the Pope. My hero is a blear-eyed sot, that having for four years waged a gigantic battle with drink, and alternated between watery Reform and positive Tremens, is now playing a vague and losing game with Spontaneous Combustion. My friend discusses Bismarck’s projects with

a vastness of mind that actually makes his discourse dim, and I slip off to try my hero's temper, and see whether I shall have him wind his intoxicated arms about my neck and envelope me in an atmosphere of whisky and reform, or fall recumbent in the gutter, his weak but honest face upturned to the sky, and his moist, white hand working vaguely upward from his placid breast, in token of abject surrender.

“Bismarck is a bigger man than Bob.

“But I can't help thinking that Bob is engaged in the most thrilling and desperate conflict. Anyhow, I had rather see his watery eyes grow clear and his paroxysmal arms grow steadfast, than to see Bismarck wipe out every potentate in

Europe. It's a grave thing to watch the conflicts of kings, and see nations embattled rushing against each other. But there are greater and deeper conflicts waged in our midst every day, when the legions of Despair swarm against stout hearts, and Hunger and Suffering storm the citadel of human lives."

In sketching a motherless little girl, nine years old, who (with her baby sister, Mary) had been left to the neglect of a drunken father, Mr. Grady exhibits some of his most engaging characteristics. The forlorn child, whose name was Jane, did her poor little best to earn food and clothing for her baby sister and herself, but of course she was perpetually worsted in the struggle, and in her direst

need she seldom failed to apply to Mrs. Grady for help, which she never failed to receive.

“One day,” Mr. Grady writes, “I was sitting behind a window looking at Jane, who stood in the kitchen door. Her oldish-looking, chipper little face was turned straight to me. It was a pretty face. The brown eyes were softened with suffering, and fear and anxiety had driven all color from her thin cheeks. I noticed that her mouth was never still. Though she was alone and silent, her lips quivered and trembled all the time. At times they would break into a dumb sob. Then she would draw them firmly together. Again they would twitch convulsively in the terrible semblance of a

smile. Then in that pretty, feminine way she would pucker them together.

“Long suffering had racked the child until she was all awry, and her nerves were plunging through her tender frame like devils.

“ ‘Jane, were you ever hungry?’

“ ‘Sir!’ and she started painfully, while her starved heart managed to send a thin coating of scarlet into her cheeks. She was a proud little body, and never talked of her sorrows.

“May the Lord forgive me for repeating the question!

“ ‘Sometimes, sir, when I couldn’t sell anything. Last Saturday we had only some bread for dinner. We never had anything else until Sunday night. I

wouldn't have minded it then ; but Mary cried so for bread that I went out, and a lady that I knew gave me some things.'

" Now, think of that. From a crust at Saturday noon, on nothing till Sunday night. Of all the abundant marketing of Saturday evening ; of all the luxuries of Sunday breakfast and dinner, not a crumb for this poor child. While we were dressing our children for their trip to Sunday-school, or their romp over the hills, this poor child, gnawed by hunger, deserted by her drunken father, holding a starving baby, sat crouched in a hovel, given up to despair and hopelessness. And that, too, within the sound of the bells that made the church-steeple thrill

with music, and called God's people to church!

“A friend who had heard Jane's story had given me three dollars for her. I gave it to her, and told her that as her rent was paid, she could with this lay in some provisions. She was crying then, but she dried her tears and hurried off.

* * * * *

“‘Will you please come here and look?’ called a lady whose call I always obey, about an hour afterward.

“I went, and there stood Jane, flushed and happy.

“‘I declare I am astonished at this child!’ said the lady.

“ And therewith she displayed Jane’s purchases. A little meal and meat had been sent home. The rest she had with her. First, there was a goblet of strained honey ; then a bundle of candy ‘for baby,’ a package of tea ‘for father,’ and a chip straw hat, with three gayly colored ribbons, ‘for herself.’ And that’s where the money had gone !

“ ‘I am just put out with her,’ said the arbitress of my affairs, after Jane had gathered up her treasures and departed. ‘To waste her money like that ! I can imagine how the poor, half-starved child couldn’t help buying the honey-goblet ; I should die myself if I didn’t have something sweet ; but how she came to buy that hat and ribbons I can’t see !’

“ Ah, blue-eyed woman ! There’s a yearning in the feminine soul stronger than hunger. There’s a passion there that starvation cannot conquer. The hat and ribbons were bought in response to that craving. The hat, I’ll bet thee, was bought before the honey,—aye, before the meal or meat. ‘ Can’t understand it ? ’ Then, my spouse, I’ll explain : Jane is a woman !

“ I must confess that I was pleased at the misdirection of Jane’s funds. Have you ever had a child deep in a long-continued stupor from fever ? How delighted you were then when, tempted by some trifle, he gave signs of eagerness ! So I was rejoiced to see that the long years of suffering had not crushed

hope and emotion out of this girl's life. The tea and the candy showed that her affections, working up to the father and drawn to the baby, were all right. The honey gave evidence that the fresh impulses of childhood had not been nipped and chilled. The hat and ribbons—best and most hopeful purchase of all—proved that the womanly vanity and love of prettiness still fluttered in her young soul. Nothing is so charming and so feminine in woman as the passion for dress. Laugh at it as we may, I think that men will agree that there is nothing so pathetic as a young woman out of whom all hope of fine appearance has been pressed. A gay ribbon is the sign in which woman conquers. I wager that

Eve made a neat, many-colored thing of fig leaves."

An additional charm was imparted to Mr. Grady's benevolence and gayety of spirits, by his deeply reverent and religious nature. He was a born religionist, who worshipped God with spontaneous love, and believed in Him with a faith which, notwithstanding his luminous intelligence and manifold accomplishments, was simple and childlike. He revered the old religious landmarks; the Bible in which his beloved mother found inspiration and consolation was the Bible for him. There was nothing austere or gloomy or depressing in his religion. It was hopeful, buoyant, elastic, cheerful. He loved God more than he

feared Him, and believed in Him with that absolute faith which nothing but consecrated love can inspire. Indeed, we might say of Mr. Grady as Carlyle says of Cromwell: "Here was a man, my lords and gentlemen, who believed in God, strange as that may seem to this generation."

Mr. Grady not only believed in and loved God, but he also believed in and loved his neighbor, and he showed his love for his neighbor not by boring him with religious homilies and "Christian advice," but by helping him in adversity, inspiring him with hope, and radiating his path with the light and glow of his own sunny nature. He was not a theologian. He cared but little for metaphysi-

cal "schemes of salvation," because he instinctively divined that no system of intellectual religion, however much it may minister to the gratification of sectarian arrogance, can satisfy the spiritual hunger of the human soul.

It was in dealing with children that Mr. Grady's religious nature revealed its most attractive qualities and seemed to be nearest of kin to the divine. He was a religious child himself, and from his earliest days he took delight in sacred things. At the age of fifteen he united with the Methodist church in Athens, Ga.,—his native town. On the same occasion, Miss Julia King, who had been his playmate and sweetheart from childhood, joined the same church. Five years

later, those two young lives, which had been thus conjointly consecrated to God, were conjoined by marriage ; and we are told that the current of these united lives flowed on in a stream of domestic felicity and Christian beneficence which was ideal in its loveliness. Mr. Grady's religious convictions grew with his growing years, broadened with his expanding intelligence, and became more fervid in the glow of his deepening affections. He took the growth of agnosticism and the rising tide of atheism sorely to heart. In 1881 he wrote a remarkable article for the *Atlanta Constitution*, on "The Atheistic Tide Sweeping Over the Continent," in which he said :

" I do not know that this spirit of irre-

ligion and unbelief has made much inroad on the churches. It is as yet simply eating away the material upon which the churches must recruit and perpetuate themselves. There is a large body of men and women, the bulk probably of our population, that is between the church and its enemies; not members of the church or open professors of religion, they have yet had reverence for the religious beliefs, have respected the rule of conscience, and believed in the existence of one Supreme Being. These men and women have been useful to the cause of religion, in that they held all the outposts about the camp of the church militant, and protected it with enwrapping conservatism and sym-

pathy. It is this class of people that are now yielding to the assaults of the infidel. Having none of the inspiration of religion, and possessing neither the enthusiasm of converts nor the faith of veterans, they are easily bewildered and overcome. It is a careless and unthinking multitude on which the atheists are working, and the very inertia of a mob will carry thousands if the drift of the mass once floats to the ocean. And the man or woman who rides on the ebbing tide goes never to return. Religious beliefs once shattered are hardly mended. The church may reclaim its sinners, but its skeptics, never.

“It is not surprising that this period of critical investigation into all creeds

and beliefs has come. It is a logical epoch, come in its appointed time. It is one of the penalties of progress. We have stripped all the earth of mystery, and brought all its phenomena under the square and compass, so that we might have expected science to doubt the mystery of life itself, and to plant its theodolite for a measurement of the Eternal, and pitched its crucible for an analysis of the soul. It was natural that the Greek should be led to the worship of his physical gods, for the earth itself was a mystery that he could not divine—a vastness and vagueness that he could not comprehend. But we have fathomed its uttermost secret; felt its most secret pulse, girdled it with steel, harnessed it

and trapped it to our liking. What was mystery is now demonstrated; what was vague is now apparent. Science has dispelled illusion after illusion, struck down error after error, made plain all that was vague on earth, and reduced every mystery to demonstration. It is little wonder then that, at last having reduced all the illusions of matter to an equation, and anchored every theory to a fixed formula, it should assail the mystery of life itself, and warn the world that science would yet furnish the key to the problem of the soul. Fit time is this, then, for science to make its last and supreme assault—to challenge the last and supreme mystery—defy the last and supreme force. And the church may

gird itself for the conflict! As the Pope has said, 'It is no longer a rebel that threatens the church. It is a belligerent!' It is no longer a shading of creed. It is the upsettal of all creeds that is attempted.

"It is impossible to conceive the misery and the blindness that will come in the wake of the spreading atheism. The ancients witnessed the fall of a hundred creeds, but still had a hundred left. The vast mystery of life hung above them, but was lit with religions that were sprinkled as stars in its depths. From a host of censers was their air made rich with fragrance, and warmed from a field of altars. No loss was irreparable. But with us it is different. We have reached

the end. Destroy our one belief and we are left hopeless, helpless, blind. Our air will be odorless, chill, colorless.

“The aggressiveness of the atheists is inexplicable to me. Why they should insist on destroying a system that is pure and ennobling, when they have nothing to replace it with; why they should shatter a faith that colors life, only to leave it colorless; why they should rob life of all that makes life worth living; why they should take away the consolation that lifts men and women from the despair of bereavement and desolation, or the light that guides the feet of struggling humanity, or the hope that robs even the grave of its terror,—why they should do all this, and then stand empty-

handed and unresponsive before the yearning and supplicating people they have stripped of all that is precious, is more than I can understand. The best atheist, to my mind, that I ever knew, was one who sent his children to a convent for their education. 'I cannot lift the blight of unbelief from my own mind,' he said, 'but it shall never fall upon the minds of my children if I can help it. As for me, I would give all I have on earth for the old faith that I wore so lightly and threw off so carelessly.'

"In the conflict that is coming, the church is impregnable, because the church is right; because it is founded on a rock. The scientists boast that they have evolved everything logically from

the first particles of matter; that from the crystal rock to sentient man is a steady way, marked by natural gradations. They even say that, if a new bulk were thrown off from the sun to-morrow it would spin into the face of the earth, and the same development that has crowned the earth with life would take place in the new world. And yet Tyndall says: 'We have exhausted physics, and reached its very rim, and yet a mighty mystery looms up before us.' And this mystery is the kindling of the atoms of the brain with the vital spark. There science is baffled, for there is the supreme force that is veiled eternally from the vision of man.

"The church is not bound to the tech-

nicalities of argument in this contest. It has the perfect right to say, and say logically, that something must rest on faith—that there must be something in the heart or soul before conviction can be made perfect. Just as we cannot impress with the ecstasies and transports of earthly love a man who has never loved, or paint a rainbow to a man who has never seen. And yet the time has passed when religion can dismiss the skeptic with a shriek or a sneer. I read one little book a year ago, gentle, firm, decisive; a book that demonstrated the necessity and existence of the Supreme Being as clearly and as closely as a mathematical proposition was worked out. But the strength of the church is, after all, the high-minded con-

sistency of its members ; the warmth and earnestness of its evangelism ; the purity and gentleness of its apostles. If the creeds are put at peace, and every man who wears the Christian armor will go forth to plead the cause of the meek and lowly Nazarene, whose love steals into the heart of man as the balm of flowers into the pulses of a summer evening—then we shall see the hosts of doubt and skepticism put to rout.”

Here, in this last paragraph, we have the keynote of Mr. Grady’s religious belief and the controlling principle of his religious life: Do not contend about religious creeds, but live religious lives—lives which are in accordance with the precepts and the example of Christ.

“What doth it profit thee to dispute deeply about the Trinity if thou be wanting in humility, and so be displeasing to the Trinity? In truth, sublime words make not a saint and a just man; but it is a virtuous life that maketh one dear to God.”

Regret has been expressed in certain quarters that Mr. Grady did not choose the pulpit, instead of the sanctum, as the arena in which to display his genius. This is a pardonable regret. It is natural for Mr. Grady's devout friends to wish that they could have heard him preach; and it is easy for them to believe that, as a preacher, he would have been a Brooks and a Beecher fused into one, and that he

might have set the heart of the world aflame.

It is said that in Mr. Grady's boyhood the wish of his father was that he should become a lawyer, and it is added that at first the boy himself had a preference for the law; but, as time went on, he was gradually drawn into journalism, and discovering his aptitude for that profession, he conceived a passion for it. The result justified his course. No young man ever ascended the ladder of journalistic success, from the bottom rung to the top, more rapidly than this young Georgian did. But, notwithstanding his brilliant success as a journalist, and his great usefulness in that vocation, some of his friends think that he made a mistake in

abandoning his original intention to enter the profession of the law. They believe that as an advocate he would have won a reputation equal to that of any forensic orator of modern times. I am inclined to unite with his friends in this opinion. Mr. Grady possessed the gift for legal contention in the trial and argument of causes which Henry Ward Beecher called "the hell-fired ability to think on one's legs."

In his prohibition speech, delivered at Atlanta, on the evening of November 17, 1887, he exhibited consummate forensic ability, and displayed in profusion those powers and qualities which convince courts and captivate juries. Although this prohibition speech, owing to its sub-

ject matter, is not so copiously enriched with that eloquence which takes the heart captive as some of his other speeches are, I consider it the most logical and lawyer-like speech which Mr. Grady ever delivered. The ease with which he handles masses of statistics; the clear and attractive manner in which he marshals his vast array of facts; the witty, humorous by-play with which he refreshes his auditors and prevents them from tiring under the necessarily prolonged development of his case; the bursts of pathetic eloquence with which he appeals to their sensibilities and arouses their indignation, and the brief, touching peroration with which he clinches the whole masterly performance,

signalize "the great prohibition speech" as an oratorical effort of remarkable brilliancy and power.

Although it is natural and pleasing to speculate upon the probabilities of Mr. Grady's success as a lawyer or a preacher, such speculations are of course vain. He was not a lawyer; he was not a preacher: he was a journalist, and as a journalist he will be remembered and honored. Nay, more; he was a public speaker of such obvious genius, it is not improbable that his fame as an orator will outlive his reputation as a journalist.

The work in which this gifted, many-sided man took the deepest and most intense interest—a work which has already been characterized as constitut-

ing the pivotal purpose of his life, was the complete reconciliation and unification of the North and the South, and the fusing of all sections of the Union into one homogeneous and fraternal nationality. In order that this great work might be accomplished, Mr. Grady conceived that two things were necessary—the settlement of the race problem and the development of the material resources of the South. He believed that these two movements must go on together; that the acquisition of wealth and population by the South was necessary in order that she might have power to deal successfully with the race problem; and that the race problem must be settled on an enduring basis of wisdom and justice, in

order that the South might have peace within her borders and enjoy her rightful position in the Union and in the estimation of mankind. The phenomenal energy and assiduity with which Mr. Grady addressed himself to this colossal and beneficent work are so well known that I refer to them here merely to remind the reader that Mr. Grady was by far the most potent factor in the revival of the prosperity of the South and the inauguration of an era of mutual understanding and goodwill between the people of the previously estranged sections. His influence in exciting hope and inspiring confidence in the ability of the South to cope successfully with her difficulties was immeasurable. To quote the somewhat

undisciplined language of one of his admiring eulogists: "He did not tamely promote enterprise and encourage industry; he vehemently fomented enterprise and provoked industry until they stalked through the land like armed conquerors."

Mr. Grady loved to descant upon the natural beauties, the material resources, the glorious possibilities of the South. His brief but vivid reference to the Southern domain, in his Boston speech, is a specimen of the descriptive passages with which he often adorned his addresses:

"Far to the South, Mr. President, separated from this section by a line—once defined in irrepressible difference, once

traced in fratricidal blood, and now, thank God, but a vanishing shadow—lies the fairest and richest domain of this earth. It is the home of a brave and hospitable people. There is centred all that can please and prosper humankind. A perfect climate above a fertile soil yields to the husbandman every product of the temperate zone. There by night the cotton whitens beneath the stars, and by day the wheat locks the sunshine in its bearded sheaf. In the same field the clover steals the fragrance of the wind, and the tobacco catches the quick aroma of the rains. There are mountains stored with exhaustless treasures; forests, vast and primeval; and rivers that, tumbling or loitering, run wanton to the sea. Of

the three essential items of all industries—cotton, iron and wood—that region has easy control. In cotton, a fixed monopoly—in iron, proven supremacy—in timber, the reserve supply of the republic. From this assured and permanent advantage, against which artificial conditions cannot much longer prevail, has grown an amazing system of industries. Not maintained by human contrivance of tariff or capital, afar off from the fullest and cheapest source of supply, but resting in divine assurance, within touch of field and mine and forest—not set amid costly farms from which competition has driven the farmer in despair, but amid cheap and sunny lands, rich with agriculture, to which neither season nor soil has set a

limit—this system of industries is mounting to a splendor that shall dazzle and illumine the world.

“That, sir, is the picture and the promise of my home—a land better and fairer than I have told you, and yet but fit setting, in its material excellence, for the loyal and gentle quality of its citizenship.”

Mr. Grady had the art of adapting his speech to his audience so as to fit the special needs of the hour and all the circumstances of the occasion. He was adroit in exciting local pride in a way that at the same time stimulated love of country, and was skillful in making selfish instincts and personal ambition minister to the development of sentiments of

patriotism and the promotion of public enterprises. In his address to the students of the Virginia University (his Alma Mater) at Charlottesville, on June 24, 1889, he exhibited his superlative tact in these respects. In his exordium, which won the affection and confidence of every heart, he said :

“ Will you allow me to say that the anxiety which always possesses me when I address my young countrymen is to-day quickened to the point of consecration. For the first time in man’s responsibility I speak in Virginia to Virginia. Beyond its ancient glories that made it matchless among States, its later martyrdom has made it the Mecca of my people. It was on these hills that

our fathers gave new and deeper meaning to heroism and advanced the world in honor! It is in these valleys that our dead lie sleeping. Out there is Appomattox, where on every ragged gray cap the Lord God Almighty laid the sword of His imperishable knighthood. Beyond is Petersburg, where he, whose name I bear, and who was prince to me among men, dropped his stainless sword and yielded up his stainless life. Dear to me, sir, are the people among whom my father died—sacred to me, sir, the soil that drank his precious blood. From a heart stirred by these emotions and sobered by these memories, let me speak to you to-day, my countrymen—and God give me wisdom to speak aright and the

words wherewithal to challenge and hold your attention."

It can readily be imagined how, after such an exordium, the young men before him received the instruction which the orator gave them in the following words :

"The germ of the best patriotism is in the love that a man has for the home he inhabits, for the soil he tills, for the trees that give him shade, and the hills that stand in his pathway. I teach my son to love Georgia ; to love the soil that he stands on ; the body of my old mother ; the mountains that are her springing breasts, the broad acres that hold her substance, the dimpling valleys in which her beauty rests, the forests that sing her

songs of lullaby and of praise, and the brooks that run with her rippling laughter. The love of home, deep-rooted and abiding, that blurs the eyes of the dying soldier with the vision of an old homestead amid green fields and clustering trees ; that follows the busy man through the clamoring world, persistent, though put aside, and at last draws his tired feet from the highway and leads him through shady lanes and well-remembered paths until, amid the scenes of his boyhood, he gathers up the broken threads of his life and owns the soil his conqueror—this—this lodged in the heart of the citizen, is the saving principle of our government. We note the barracks of our standing army with its rolling drum and

its fluttering flag as points of strength and protection. But the citizen standing in the door-way of his home, contented on his threshold, his family gathered about his hearthstone, while the evening of a well-spent day closes in scenes and sounds that are dearest—he shall save the republic when the drum tap is futile and the barracks are exhausted.

“This love should not be pent up or provincial. The home should be consecrated to humanity, and from its roof tree should fly the flag of the republic. Every simple fruit gathered there; every sacrifice endured, and every victory won, should bring better joy and inspiration in the knowledge that it will deepen the

glory of our republic and widen the harvest of humanity !

“ Exalt the citizen. As the State is the unit of government he is the unit of the State. Teach him that his home is his castle, and his sovereignty rests beneath his hat. Make himself self-respecting, self-reliant and responsible. Let him lean on the State for nothing that his own arms can do and on the government for nothing that his State can do. Let him cultivate independence to the point of sacrifice, and learn that humble things with unbartered liberty are better than splendors bought with its price. Let him neither surrender his individuality to government nor merge it with the mob. Let him stand upright and fearless

—a freeman born of freemen, sturdy in his own strength, dowering his family in the sweat of his brow, loving to his State, loyal to his Republic, earnest in his allegiance wherever it rests, but building his altar in the midst of his household gods and shrining in his own heart the uttermost temple of its liberty.”

Among the oratorical accomplishments which gave Mr. Grady his power over an audience was that of being able to season the discussion of industrial topics, involving the presentation of masses of statistics and the elaboration of matters which are usually wearysome, with eloquent appeals to their love of home and their social interests, and to the noblest instincts and aspirations of patriotism. In these

eloquent outbursts he always kept the balance between love of the South and love of the Union skillfully poised, as in the peroration of his speech at Dallas, Texas, in October, 1888:

“Every man within the sound of my voice, under the deeper consecration he offers to the Union, will consecrate himself to the South. Have no ambition but to be first at her feet and last at her service no hope, but, after a long life of devotion, to sink to sleep in her bosom, as a little child sleeps at his mother’s breast and rests untroubled in the light of her smile.

“With such consecrated service, what could we not accomplish; what riches we should gather for her; what glory and prosperity we should render to the

Union; what blessings we should gather unto the universal harvest of humanity! As I think of it, a vision of surpassing beauty unfolds to my eyes. I see a South the home of fifty millions of people; her cities vast hives of industry; her country-sides the treasures from which their resources are drawn; her streams vocal with whirring spindles; her valleys tranquil in the white and gold of the harvest; her mountains showering down the music of bells, as her slow-moving flocks and herds go forth from their folds; her rulers honest and her people loving, and her homes happy and her hearthstones bright, and their waters still, and their pastures green, and her conscience clear; her wealth diffused and poor-houses

empty, her churches earnest and all creeds lost in the gospel. Peace and sobriety walking hand in hand through her borders; honor in her homes; uprightness in her midst, plenty in her fields, straight and simple faith in the hearts of her sons and daughters; her two races walking together in peace and contentment; sunshine everywhere and all the time, and night falling on her gently as from the wings of the unseen dove.

“All this, my country, and more can we do for you. As I look, the vision grows, the splendor deepens, the horizon falls back, the skies open their everlasting gates, and the glory of the Almighty God streams through as He looks down on His people, who have given them-

selves unto Him and leads them from one triumph to another until they have reached a glory unspeakable, and the whirling stars in their courses shall not look down on a better people or a happier land."

The most difficult problem which Mr. Grady undertook to solve was the race problem. To the solution of this question he addressed himself—to use his own words, many times repeated—"with a sense of consecration." It enlisted the deepest sympathies of his heart ; it overshadowed him with awful portentousness. But his sense of the vast, the overwhelming importance of this problem is best stated by himself :

"The future holds a problem, in solv-

ing which the South must stand alone ; in dealing with which, she must come closer together than ambition or despair has driven her, and on the outcome of which her very existence depends. This problem is to carry within her body politic two separate races, equal in civil and political rights, and nearly equal in numbers. She must carry these races in peace ; for discord means ruin. She must carry them separately ; for assimilation means debasement. She must carry them in equal justice ; for to this she is pledged in honor and in gratitude. She must carry them even unto the end ; for in human probability she will never be quit of either.

“ This burden no other people bears

to-day—on none hath it ever rested. Without precedent or companionship the South must bear this problem—the awful responsibility of which should win the sympathy of all human kind, and the protecting watchfulness of God—alone, even unto the end. Set by this problem apart from all other peoples of the earth, and her unique position emphasized rather than relieved, as I shall show hereafter, by her material conditions, it is not only fit but it is essential that she should hold her brotherhood unimpaired, quicken her sympathies, and in the light or in the shadows of this surpassing problem, work out her own salvation in the fear of God—but of God alone.

“What shall the South do to be saved?

Through what paths shall she reach the end? Through what travail or what splendors shall she give to the Union this section, its wealth garnered, its resources utilized, and its rehabilitation complete, and restore to the world this problem, solved in such justice as the finite mind can measure, or finite hands can administer?"

In order that this problem might be rightly solved, Mr. Grady thought it was necessary for the Southern people to have clear and just ideas of the negro character and of the negro situation. He expressed his own views on this subject with frankness and eloquence, saying :

"I approach this discussion with a sense of consecration. I beg your patient

and cordial sympathy. And I invoke the Almighty God that, having showered on this people His fullest riches, He has put their hands to this task, He will draw near unto us, as He drew near to troubled Israel, and lead us in the ways of honor and uprightness, even through a pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night.

“What of the negro? This of him. I want no better friend than the black boy who was raised by my side, and who is now trudging patiently, with downcast eyes and shambling figure, through his lowly way in life. I want no sweeter music than the crooning of my old ‘mammy,’ now dead and gone to rest, as I heard it when she held me in her loving

arms, and bending her old black face above me stole the cares from my brain, and led me smiling into sleep. I want no truer soul than that which moved the trusty slave, who for four years, while my father fought with the armies that barred his freedom, slept every night at my mother's chamber door, holding her and her children as safe as if her husband stood guard, and ready to lay down his humble life on her threshold. History has no parallel to the faith kept by the negro in the South during the war. Often five hundred negroes to a single white man, and yet through these dusky throngs the women and children walked in safety, and the unprotected homes rested in peace. Unmarshalled, the black

battalions moved patiently to the fields in the morning to feed the armies their idleness would have starved, and at night gathered anxiously at the big house to 'hear the news from marster,' though conscious that his victory made their chains enduring. Everywhere humble and kindly. The body guard of the helpless. The rough companion of the little ones. The observant friend. The silent sentry in his lowly cabin. The shrewd counsellor. And when the dead came home, a mourner at the open grave. A thousand torches would have disbanded every Southern army, but not one was lighted. When the master, going to a war in which slavery was involved, said to his slave, 'I leave my home and loved

ones in your charge,' the tenderness between man and master stood disclosed. And when the slave held that charge sacred through storm and temptation, he gave new meaning to faith and loyalty. I rejoice that when freedom came to him after years of waiting, it was all the sweeter, because the black hands from which the shackles fell were stainless of a single crime against the helpless ones confided to his care.

“From this root imbedded in a century of kind and constant companionship has sprung some foliage. As no race had ever lived in such unresisting bondage, none was ever hurried with such swiftness through freedom into power. Into hands still trembling from the blow

that broke the shackles, was thrust the ballot. In less than twelve months from the day he walked down the furrow a slave, the negro dictated in legislative halls, from which Davis and Calhoun had gone forth, the policy of twelve commonwealths. When his late master protested against his misrule, the federal drum-beat rolled around his strongholds, and from a hedge of federal bayonets he grinned in good-natured insolence. From the proven incapacity of that day has he far advanced? Simple, credulous, impulsive—easily led, and too often easily bought, is he a safer, more intelligent citizen now than then? Is this mass of votes, loosed from old restraints, inviting alliance or awaiting

opportunity, less menacing than when its purpose was plain and its way direct?"

Mr. Grady took generous and commendable pride in setting forth how rapid has been the advancement of the negroes in industry, education and wealth; how millions of dollars a year are expended by the Southern States for negro schools, and how the possessions of the blacks have increased until their taxable property amounts to tens of millions of dollars. In short, Mr. Grady maintained that, all things considered, the advancement of the negroes of the South in wealth, worth and intelligence during the last fifteen years is unparalleled. And now comes the crucial

problem, What social position shall this vast colored population—which is so prosperous, and so rapidly rising in the human scale—what social position shall this race which is so affectionate, so loyal and so trustworthy occupy in the South; what portion of political influence—if any portion at all—shall it be permitted to wield? On these points Mr. Grady speaks in trumpet tones. I quote from his Dallas speech:

“The men who coming from afar off view this subject through the cold eye of speculation or see it distorted through partisan glasses, insist that, directly or indirectly, the negro race shall be in control of the affairs of the South. We have no fears of this; already we are attaching

to us the best elements of that race, and as we proceed our alliance will broaden. External pressure but irritates and impedes those who would put the negro race in supremacy, who would work against infallible decree, for the white race can never submit to its domination, because the white race is the superior race. But the supremacy of the white race of the South must be maintained forever, and the domination of the negro race resisted at all points and at all hazards, because the white race is the superior race. This is the declaration of no new truth; it has abided forever in the marrow of our bones and shall run forever with the blood that feeds Anglo-Saxon hearts.

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“ In political compliance the South has evaded the truth, and men have drifted from their convictions. But we cannot escape this issue. It faces us wherever we turn. It is an issue that has been, and will be. The races and tribes of earth are of Divine origin. Behind the laws of man and the decrees of war stands the law of God. What God hath separated let no man join together. The Indian, the Malay, the Negro, the Caucasian, these types stand as markers of God's will. Let not man tinker with the work of the Almighty. Unity of civilization, no more than unity of faith, will never be witnessed on earth. No race has risen or will rise above its ordained place. Here is the pivotal fact of this great

matter—two races are made equal in law, and in political rights, between whom the caste of race has set an impassable gulf. This gulf is bridged by a statute, and the races are urged to cross thereon. This cannot be. The fiat of the Almighty has gone forth, and in eighteen centuries of history it is written. We would escape this issue if we could. From the depths of its soul the South invokes from heaven ‘peace on earth and good will to man.’ She would not if she could cast this race back into the condition from which it was righteously raised. She would not deny its smallest or abridge its fullest privilege. Not to lift this burden forever from her people, would she do the least of these things.

She must walk through the valley of the shadow, for God has so ordained. But He has ordained that she shall walk in that integrity of race that created in His wisdom, has been perpetuated in His strength. Standing in the presence of this multitude, sobered with the responsibility of the message I deliver to the young men of the South, I declare that the truth above all others to be worn unsullied and sacred in your hearts, to be surrendered to no force, sold for no price, compromised in no necessity, but cherished and defended as the covenant of your prosperity, and the pledge of peace to your children, is, that the white race must dominate forever in the South, because it is the white race, and superior

to that race with which its supremacy is threatened.

“It is a race issue. Let us come to this point, and stand here. Here the air is pure and the light is clear, and here honor and peace abide. Juggling and evasion deceive not a man. Compromise and subservience have carried not a point. There is not a white man North or South who does not feel it stir in the gray matter of his brain and throb in his heart. Not a negro who does not feel its power. It is not a sectional issue. It speaks in Ohio, and in Georgia. It speaks wherever the Anglo-Saxon touches an alien race. It has just spoken in universally approved legislation in excluding the Chinaman from our gates, not for his

ignorance or corruption, but because he sought to establish an inferior race in a republic fashioned in the wisdom and defended by the blood of a homogeneous people.

“The Anglo-Saxon blood has dominated always and everywhere. It fed Alfred when he wrote the charter of English liberty ; it gathered about Hampden as as he stood beneath the oak ; it thundered in Cromwell’s veins as he fought his king ; it humbled Napoleon at Waterloo ; it has touched the desert and jungle with undying glory ; it carried the drum-beat of England around the world and spread on every continent the gospel of liberty and of God ; it established this republic, carved it from the wilderness, conquered

it from the Indians, wrested it from England, and at last, stilling its own tumult, consecrated it forever as the home of the Anglo-Saxon, and the theatre of his transcending achievement. Never one foot of it can be surrendered, while that blood lives in American veins and feeds American hearts, to the domination of an alien and inferior race.'

Mr. Grady seeks to fortify his position and reinforce his argument by introducing considerations which he believed, and had good reason to believe, would be received with approbation by thousands of his fellow-countrymen in all parts of the Union. He says :

"This problem is not only enduring, but it is widening. The exclusion of the

Chinese is the first step in the revolution that shall save liberty and law and religion to this land, and in peace and order, not enforced on the gallows or at the bayonet's end, but proceeding from the heart of an harmonious people, shall secure in the enjoyment of these rights, and the control of this republic, the homogeneous people that established and has maintained it. The next step will be taken when some brave statesman, looking Demagogy in the face, shall move to call to the stranger at our gates, 'Who comes here?' admitting every man who seeks a home, or honors our institutions, and whose habit and blood will run with the native current; but excluding all who seek to plant anarchy or to establish alien

men or measures on our soil ; and will then demand that the standard of our citizenship be lifted and the right of acquiring our suffrage be abridged. When that day comes, and God speed its coming, the position of the South will be fully understood, and everywhere approved. Until then, let us—giving the negro every right, civil and political, measured in that fullness the strong should always accord the weak—holding him in closer friendship and sympathy than he is held by those who would crucify us for his sake—realizing that on his prosperity ours depends—let us resolve that never by external pressure or internal division shall he establish domination, directly or indirectly, over that race that everywhere

has maintained its supremacy. Let this resolution be cast on the lines of equity and justice. Let it be the pledge of honest, safe and impartial administration, and we shall command the support of the colored race itself, more dependent than any other on the bounty and protection of government. Let us be wise and patient, and we shall secure through its acquiescence what otherwise we should win through conflict, and hold in insecurity.

“ All this is no unkindness to the negro—but rather that he may be led in equal rights, and in peace to his uttermost good. Not in sectionalism—for my heart beats true to the Union, to the glory of which your life and heart are

pledged. Not in disregard of the world's opinion—for to render back this problem in the world's approval is the sum of my ambition, and the height of human achievement. Not in reactionary spirit—but rather to make clear that new and grander way up which the South is marching to higher destiny, and on which I would not halt her for all the spoils that have been gathered unto parties since Catiline conspired, and Cæsar fought. Not in passion, my countrymen, but in reason—not in narrowness, but in breadth—that we may solve this problem in calmness, and in truth, and lifting its shadows let perpetual sunshine pour down on two races, walking together in peace and contentment. Then

shall this problem have proved our blessing, and the race that threatened our ruin work our salvation as it fills our fields with the best peasantry the world has ever seen. Then the South—putting behind her all the achievements of her past—and in war and in peace they beggar eulogy—may stand upright among the nations and challenge the judgment of man and the approval of God, in having worked out in their sympathy and in His guidance, this last and surpassing miracle of human government.”

In a speech delivered before a great multitude at Augusta, Ga., in November, 1888, Mr. Grady presented his case in

a manner peculiarly interesting to the Northern mind:

“ Let us send to-day a few words to the fair-minded Republicans of the North. Here is a fundamental assertion—the negroes of the South can never be kept in antagonism with their white neighbors—for the intimacy and friendliness of the relation forbids. This friendliness, the most important factor of the problem, the saving factor now as always, the North has never, and it appears will never, take account of. It explains that otherwise inexplicable thing—the fidelity and loyalty of the negro during the war to the women and children left in his care. Had ‘ Uncle Tom’s Cabin ’ portrayed the habit rather than the excep-

tion of slavery, the return of the Confederate armies could not have stayed the horrors of arson and murder their departure would have invited. Instead of that, witness the miracle of the slave in loyalty closing the fetters about his own limbs, maintaining the families of those who fought against his freedom, and at night on the far-off battle-field searching among the carnage for his young master, that he might lift the dying head to his humble breast and with rough hands wipe the blood away and bend his tender ear to catch the last words for the old ones at home, wrestling meanwhile in agony and love, that in vicarious sacrifice he would have laid down his life in his master's stead.

This friendliness, thank God, has survived the lapse of years, the interruption of factions and the violence of campaigns in which the bayonet fortified and the drum-beat inspired. Though unsuspected in slavery, it explains the miracle of '64; though not yet confessed, it must explain the miracle of 1888.

“Can a Northern man dealing with casual servants, querulous, sensitive and lodged for a day in a sphere they resent, understand the close relationship of the races of the South? Can he comprehend the open-hearted, sympathetic negro, contented in his place, full of gossip and comradeship, the companion of the hunt, the frolic, the furrow and the home, standing in kindly dependence that is the

habit of his blood, and lifting not his eyes beyond the narrow horizon that shuts him in with his neighbors? This relation may be interrupted, but permanent estrangement can never come between these two races. It is upon this that the South depends. By fair dealing and by sympathy to deepen this friendship and add thereto the moral effect of the better elements compacted, with the wealth and intelligence and influence lodged therein—it is this upon which the South has relied for years, and upon which she will rest in future. Against this no outside power can prevail. That there has been violence, is admitted. There has also been brutality in the North. But I do not believe there was a negro voter in the

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South kept away from the polls by fear of violence in the late election. I believe there were fewer votes miscounted in the South than in the North. Even in those localities where violence once occurred, wiser counsels have prevailed, and reliance is placed on those higher and legitimate and inexorable methods, by which the superior race always dominates, and by which intelligence and integrity always resist the domination of ignorance and corruption. If the honest Republicans of the North permit a scheme of federal supervision, based on the assumption of intimidated voters and a false count, they will blunder from the start, for, beginning in error, they will end in worse. This whole matter should be

left now with the people with whom it must be left at last—that people most interested in its honorable settlement. External pressure but irritates and delays. The South has voluntarily laid down the certainty of power which dividing her States would bring, that she might solve this problem in the deliberation and the calmness it demands. She turns away from spoils, knowing that to struggle for them would bring irritation to endanger greater things. She postpones reforms and surrenders economic convictions, that unembarrassed she may deal with this great issue. And she pledges her sacred honor—by all that she has won, and all that she has suffered—that she will settle this problem in such

full and exact justice as the finite mind can measure, or finite hands administer. On this pledge she asks the patience and waiting judgment of the world, and especially of the people—her brothers and her kindred—that in passion forced this problem into the keeping of her helpless hands.”

However strongly Mr. Grady's passionate appeals may take hold of the sympathy of Northern men it is not probable that his arguments will much affect their judgment. Indeed, Mr. Grady's proposed solution of the race problem has not escaped dissident criticism in the South. To some minds in that section it seems to be lacking in practicalness, to others it seems to be wanting in coherency. Mr. Grady says

that the South must settle this question ; but these dissidents ask : “ Who is the South ? What is the South ? Are not the eight million negroes, with their innumerable schools and churches, their millions upon millions of property, their rapidly growing worth and intelligence, their affectionate dispositions, their loyalty and trustworthiness, a part of the South ? No one will deny that they are a part of the South, and a very important part. Are they, then, not to have any voice at all in the settlement of this momentous question ? If they are not, then it is not the South in its entirety, but only the white people of the South who are to solve and settle the racial problem.”

That is just what Mr. Grady says in plain words, and he repeats it over and over again in express terms. When he varies the expression and says that the South must settle the race problem, he means that the white people of the South must settle it. Notwithstanding Mr. Grady's exuberant affection for the negroes, notwithstanding his surpassingly eloquent tributes to their loyalty and trustworthiness, notwithstanding his genuine appreciation of the best traits of their character, notwithstanding his ardent desire that they should enjoy all the blessings which are compatible with their racial relations, when it comes to the settlement of the race problem by the South, the negroes, according to his

views, are no part whatever of that South which is to settle it. His language, previously quoted, is :

“The supremacy of the white race of the South must be maintained for ever, and the domination of the negro race resisted at all points and at all hazards, because the white race is the superior race. This is the declaration of no new truth ; it has abided forever in the marrow of our bones and shall run forever with the blood that feeds Anglo-Saxon hearts.”

In his speech at Augusta, Mr. Grady stated his position on this point in still stronger terms. After referring to some severe Northern utterances on the subject, he said :

“No answer can be made in passion to these men. If the temper of the North is expressed in their words the South can do nothing but rally her sons for their last defence and await in silence what the future may bring. This much should be said. The negro can never be established in dominion over the white race of the South. The sword of Grant and the bayonets of his army could not maintain them in the supremacy they had won from the helplessness of our people. No sword drawn by mortal man, no army martialled by mortal hand, can replace them in the supremacy from which they were cast down by our people, for the Lord God Almighty decreed otherwise when He created these races, and the

flaunting sword of His archangel will enforce His decree and work out His plan of unchangeable wisdom."

The plain logic of this is that the negroes of the South must accept the domination of the whites, or there will be a racial war, with all the horrors which would attend such a strife. No wonder Mr. Grady invoked Divine aid when he attempted to present a solution of this problem, and sought to bring himself and his fellow-citizens to the discussion of it in a spirit of consecration.

It is to be regretted that in certain quarters there is a disposition to ridicule and censure Mr. Grady for what is called his fanciful treatment of the race problem. It is easy to ridicule, it is easy to

censure ; but it is not easy to originate a working theory or to formulate a practical scheme for the settlement of such a stupendous question as the race problem in the South. I can readily understand how Northern men will, in the nature of things, disagree with Mr. Grady and reject his doctrines; but I cannot see how they can have the heart to say one unkind word of him. He had the vivid imagination of a poet and the romantic enthusiasm of a knight-errant. These qualities entered largely into his eloquence and sometimes gave a fanciful style to his rhetoric and too soft an edge to his logic, but they never lessened his sincerity nor chilled his generosity. No matter how we of the North may differ

from him on the disintegrating question under consideration, his chivalric frankness, his boundless charity, his exuberant genius, his fervid patriotism, should command our affectionate respect and arouse in us on his behalf the gracious qualities which he possessed in such generous fullness.

As to the settlement of the race problem in the near future, I, for one, give it up. It will be the remote future that will witness its settlement; nor can we of the North do much to hasten that consummation. I was in New Ulm, Minnesota, early in the sixties, and there I learned a lesson which is useful to me in this exigency. New Ulm was then on the confines of civilization, and there had

recently been an Indian war in which the white settlers had suffered terribly. They took such bloody vengeance on their Indian foes that the inhabitants of the Eastern portion of the republic were horrified, and called on the government to interfere in behalf of the savages. The government did interfere, and much ill feeling was thereby caused among the whites. I chancing to be at New Ulm, and fervently cherishing the cultivated sentiments of the East on the Indian question, I thought I would look into the matter, and give those rude men on the frontier the benefit of my cultured Eastern opinion. It was unfortunate that my effort in behalf of humanity was made in a company of excited men, every one of

whom had suffered from Indian atrocities. The scene which followed, although it was somewhat trying to my nerves at the time, has been to me a source of solemn amusement ever since. Before I had had a fair chance to develop, in all its cultured attractiveness, my Eastern theory as to the proper settlement of the red-race problem, a very wild Western man sprang at me with a most uncultured yell, and wanted to know what in h— I meant by such talk. His ungentlemanly movement seemed to be epidemic, for it spread to every man in the company. They all gathered around me, and in sulphurous terms hurled at me the same infernal adjuration. They were convulsed with rage, and their threaten-

ing conduct was distasteful to one who had passed his life in polite society. One brawny fellow cried :

“What would you say if you came home some night, and found your cabin burnt, and your wife and children scalped, and their throats cut, and their bodies half-burnt in the ruins, and your baby—your poor, little baby nailed up on a tree alive? *Ali-i-ive!* Do you hear me, you Down-East skunk?”

I should not have tolerated such language in an Eastern drawing-room, but in the street of a wild Western town, and surrounded by men who were obviously indisposed to recognize the usages of cultured society, I could only maintain a dignified reserve. When I

learned, as I soon did, that the man who thus addressed me had actually come home to the scene he had asked my opinion of, my heart melted at the thought of his agony, and I forgave his uncultured manner. In fact, as one man after another told the story of his wrongs and sufferings, my sympathy made me akin with them, and we came to a friendly understanding. I afterwards looked into the red-race problem, and became convinced, and I am still convinced that it is impossible for us Eastern people to settle that problem in a way that would be satisfactory to frontiersmen whose cabins Indians have burned, whose families Indians have massacred, and

whose live babies Indians have nailed to trees.

And as it with the red-race problem so, in a measure, is it with the black-race problem. Those who are not in it and of it can do but little towards its settlement. The red-race problem is being rapidly settled by the extinction of the red men, but the black-race problem cannot be settled in that way. It will abide; how long, no man can tell; but, as Mr. Grady so often said, "the South must carry it to the end."

The Scandinavian god Thor was once ordered to lift a cat clear of the earth. Supposing the feat to be an easy one he took hold of the cat and lifted her at arms' length, but she did not leave the

earth. He lifted her to the tree tops; still she touched the earth. He lifted her to the clouds; she yet rested on the earth. He rubbed her back against the sky; she still touched the earth, and Thor was then permitted to see that the cat was only a part of the great serpent that stretches around all the world, and so could not be lifted from the earth. The race problem of the South may be likened to that mythological cat; it is an integral part of the great serpent of selfishness which coils itself in every human heart and runs through all human society; and not even a god can now lift the problem high enough to see the daylight of solution beneath it. The good old orthodox doctrine of total

depravity teaches us that selfishness is native to every human heart and at bottom shapes and controls the action of every human community. Fortunately, this crude selfishness is capable of becoming refined and elevated, and is in fact constantly becoming refined and elevated into enlightened self-interest. Then it begins to yield to Christian influences; then it ameliorates the social status, works along lines of human progress, and in conjunction with increasing intelligence and spiritual forces it dissipates religious superstitions, abolishes national evils, rectifies gigantic wrongs, and raises society to the plane of Christian brotherhood.

It is this grand, broad, deep sweep of

things which will eventually settle the great Southern problem. It cannot be settled off-hand, nor by this generation. Time will take care of it. Time will teach the South how to solve it—is, in truth, now rapidly teaching her. Her resources will in time be developed beyond even Mr. Grady's most roseate hopes; unimaginable riches will be hers; her vast territory will teem with myriads of intelligent citizens, and the enlightened self-interest of these myriads will, in the long run, and under the providence of God, and possibly through great tribulation, enable them completely to solve this seemingly unsolvable Southern problem. Mr. Grady himself seems to have had a prevision that

this would be the ultimate outcome of the question, as appears by the following extract (a few lines of which I italicise) from his speech at Augusta :

“ In her industrial growth the South is daily making new friends. Every dollar of Northern money invested in the South gives us a new friend in that section. Every settler among us raises up new witnesses to our fairness, sincerity and loyalty. We shall secure from the North more friendliness and sympathy, more champions and friends, through the influence of our industrial growth, than through political aspiration or achievement. Few men can comprehend—would that I had the time to dwell on this point to-day—how vast has been the

development, how swift the growth, and how deep and enduring is laid the basis of even greater growth in the future. *Companies of immigrants sent down from the sturdy settlers of the North will solve the Southern problem, and bring this section into full and harmonious relations with the North quicker than all the battalions that could be armed and martialled could do."*

In his letters to the New York *Ledger* on THE NEW SOUTH, Mr. Grady gave to the world the gist and essence of all that he had been inspired to write on that subject by his love for the land of his birth, by his pride in her worth and by his hope in her destiny. These letters evidently came hot from his heart ; they

are freighted with information, are picturesque in description, fervid and eloquent in style, honest in purpose and noble in spirit. They will long be treasured as the latest and ripest utterances of the remarkable man who wrote them, upon the theme which was nearest his heart, which inspired his genius, and which will be forever associated with his memory.

THE
NEW SOUTH.

BY
HENRY W. GRADY,

NEW YORK:
ROBERT BONNER'S SONS.
1890.

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PRESS OF
THE NEW YORK LEDGER
NEW YORK.

THE NEW SOUTH.

BY HENRY W. GRADY.

CHAPTER I.

In this letter, and those that follow, I shall discuss one of the most interesting regions of the civilized world—the theater of the most gigantic war of history—the residence of 5,000,000 manumitted slaves now grown to be 8,000,000 enfranchised freemen—the source, practically, of the supply of the most important staple of the soil—the richest treasury of miner-

als and woods—the home of a people that in swift and amazing recuperation have discounted the miracle wrought by the French people after the Franco-Prussian war, and have given new glory to the American name, and a new meaning to energy—that section of our country known as “The South.”

We shall see how the people of this section, reduced to poverty by a war, the causes, progress and result of which are beyond this purview, have found honorable way to wealth and prosperity. We shall see how they bestirred themselves cheerfully, amid the ashes and waste of their homes; how they met new and adverse conditions with unquailing courage; how they gave themselves cordially

to unaccustomed work; with what patience they bore misfortune, and endured wrongs put upon them through the surviving passions of the war, emphasized by partisan appeals. How, having worn the enforced yoke of their late slaves until it became insupportable, they rallied amid the graves of the dead and the wrecks of their fortunes for the last defense of their liberty and credit. And how, at last controlling with their own hands their local affairs, they began, in ragged and torn battalions, that march of restoration and development that has challenged universal admiration. We shall see how the war-horses went to the furrow. How the waste places were clothed. How the earth smiled at their

rude and questioning touch. How the mountains opened and disclosed treasures not dreamed of before. How, from chaos and desolation, the currents of trade trickled and swelled and took orderly way. How rivers were spanned and the wildernesses pierced with iron rail. How things despised in the old days of prosperity, in adversity won unexpected value. How frugality came with misfortune, fortitude with sorrow, and with necessity invention. And how, above all, an All-wise Hand, disclosing new resources by little less than miracles, led this God-fearing and God-loving people, whom He had chastened, into the ways of peace and prosperity.

No people ever held larger stewardship

than the people of the South. It is theirs to settle the problem of the two races, vastly the most important matter with which the Republic has to deal. It is theirs to produce and enlarge the crop of that staple that largely clothes the world. It is theirs to conserve and develop the final and fullest supply of coal and iron, and to furnish from their enormous forests the lumber and hard woods to meet the world's demand until exhausted areas can be recovered. It is theirs to bring the matchless domain that is their home up to the full requirements of its duty to the world at large, until every debt is discharged, every right relation established, every obligation met, and industry

and civilization find no obstruction from one of its limits to the other.

The new South is simply the old South under new conditions. It rejoices that slavery has been swept forever from American soil. It rejoices that the American Union was saved from the storm of war. Not one in a thousand of its sons would reverse if they could the results of the war into which they threw without stint their lives and their property. They are thankful that the issues at stake in the great civil war were adjudged by higher wisdom than their own. And the Republic has no better citizens in peace and would have no braver soldiers in war than the men who twenty-five

years ago wore the gray and followed the Confederate flag.

The courage in which the new South makes these declarations, and the sincerity in which it maintains them, are a heritage of the old South. If it involved the surrender of perfect love and reverence for that civilization that produced Washington and Jefferson, and Clay and Calhoun—or for the memory of those who fought with Lee and Jackson and Johnston—the new South would be dumb and motionless. It is from the foot of the monuments, illumined with the names of her dead, that she makes her fullest renunciation of the past and her best pledge for the future. Always she will honor above all men the men who sleep beneath

those towering shafts. The sign of nobility in her families for generations to come will be the gray cap or the stained coat, on which, in the ebb of losing battle, God laid the sword of His imperishable knighthood. Those, who ask her to turn away from the memory of her heroes who died hopeless but unfearing in defeat, ask her to sacrifice that without which no people can be steadfast or great.

Hardly less dear to the new South than this is the memory of the old *regime*, its traditions and its history. Perhaps no period of human history has been more misjudged and less understood than the slave-holding era in the South. Slavery as an institution cannot be defended—but

its administration was so nearly perfect among our forefathers as to challenge and hold our loving respect. It is doubtful if the world has seen a peasantry so happy and so well-to-do as the negro slaves in America. The world was amazed at the fidelity with which these slaves guarded, from 1861 to 1865, the homes and families of the masters who were fighting with the army that barred their way to freedom. If "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had portrayed the rule of slavery rather than the rarest exception, not all the armies that went to the field could have stayed the flood of rapine and arson and pillage that would have started with the first gun of the civil war. Instead of that,

witness the miracle of the slave in loyalty to his master, closing the fetters upon his own limbs—maintaining and defending the families of those who fought against his freedom—and at night on the far-off battle-field searching among the carnage for his young master, that he might lift the dying head to his breast and bend to catch the last words to the old folks at home, so wrestling the meantime in agony and love that he would lay down his life in his master's stead.

History has no parallel to the faith kept by the negro in the South during the war. Often five hundred negroes to a single white man, and yet through these dusky throngs the women and children walked in safety, and the unprotected

homes rested in peace. Unmarshaled, the black battalions moved patiently to the fields in the morning to feed the armies their idleness would have starved, and at night gathered anxiously at the big house to "hear the news from master," though conscious that his victory made their chains enduring. Everywhere humble and kindly. The body-guard of the helpless. The rough companion of the little ones. The observant friend. The silent sentry in his lowly cabin. The shrewd counselor. And when the dead came home, a mourner at the open grave. A thousand torches would have disbanded every Southern army, but not one was lighted. When the master, going to a war in which

slavery was involved, said to his slave, "I leave my home and loved ones in your charge," the tenderness between man and master stood disclosed.

The Northern man, dealing with casual servants, querulous, sensitive, and lodged for a day in a sphere they resent, can hardly comprehend the friendliness and sympathy that existed between the master and the slave. He cannot understand how the negro stood in slavery days, open-hearted and sympathetic, full of gossip and comradeship, the companion of the hunt, frolic, furrow and home, contented in the kindly dependence that has been a habit of his blood, and never lifting his eyes beyond the narrow horizon that shut him in with his neighbors

and friends. But this relation did exist in the days of slavery. It was the rule of that *regime*. It has survived war, and strife, and political campaigns in which the drum-beat inspired and Federal bayonets fortified. It will never die until the last slave-holder and slave have been gathered to rest. It is the glory of our past in the South. It is the answer to abuse and slander. It is the hope of our future

The relations of the races in slavery must be clearly understood to understand what has followed, and to judge of what is yet to come. Not less important is it to have some clear idea of the civilization of that period.

That was a peculiar society. Almost

feudal in its splendor, it was almost patriarchal in its simplicity. Leisure and wealth gave it exquisite culture. Its wives and mothers, exempt from drudgery, and almost from care, gave to their sons, through patient and constant training, something of their own grace and gentleness, and to their homes beauty and light. Its people, homogeneous by necessity, held straight and simple faith, and were religious to a marked degree along the old lines of Christian belief. This same homogeneity bred a hospitality that was as kinsmen to kinsmen, and that wasted at the threshold of every home what the more frugal people of the North conserved and invested in public charities. The code duello furnished the

highest appeal in dispute. An affront to a lad was answered at the pistol's mouth. The sense of quick responsibility tempered the tongues of even the most violent, and the newspapers of South Carolina for eight years, it is said, did not contain one abusive word. The ownership of slaves, even more than of realty, held families steadfast on their estates, and everywhere prevailed the sociability of established neighborhoods. Money counted least in making the social status, and constantly ambitious and brilliant youngsters from no estate married into the families of planter princes. Meanwhile the one character utterly condemned and ostracized was the man who was mean to his slaves. Even the coward was pitied and

might have been liked. For the cruel master there was no toleration.

The *ante-bellum* society had immense force. Working under the slavery which brought the suspicion or hostility of the world, and which practically beleaguered it within walls, it yet accomplished good things. For the first sixty-four years of the republic it furnished the president for fifty-two years. Its statesmen demanded the war of 1812, opened it with but five Northern senators supporting it, and its general, Jackson, won the decisive battle of New Orleans. It was a Southern statesman who added the Louisiana territory of more than 1,000,000 square miles to our domain. Under a Southern statesman, Florida was

acquired from Spain. Against the opposition of the free States, the Southern influence forced the war with Mexico, and annexed the superb empire of Texas, brought in New Mexico, and opened the gates of the Republic to the Pacific. Scott and Taylor, the heroes of the Mexican war, were Southern men. In material, as in political affairs, the old South was masterful. The first important railroad operated in America traversed Carolina. The first steamer that crossed the ocean cleared from Savannah. The first college established for girls was opened in Georgia. No naturalist has surpassed Audubon; no geographer equaled Maury; and Sims and McDonauld led the world of surgery in their

respective lines. It was Crawford Long, of Georgia, who gave to the world the priceless blessing of anæsthesia. The wealth accumulated by the people was marvelous. And, though it is held that slavery enriched the poor at the general expense, Georgia and Carolina were the richest States, per capita, in the Union in 1860, saving Rhode Island. Some idea of the desolation of war may be had from the fact that, in spite of their late remarkable recuperation, they are now, excepting Idaho, the poorest States, per capita, in the Union. So rich was the South in 1860, that Mr. Lincoln spoke but common sentiment when he said: "If we let the South go, where shall we get our revenues?"

In its engaging grace—in the chivalry that tempered even Quixotism with dignity—in the piety that saved master and slave alike—in the charity that boasted not—in the honor, held above estate—in the hospitality that neither condescended nor cringed—in frankness and heartiness and wholesome comradeship—in the reverence paid to womanhood and the inviolable respect in which woman's name was held—the civilization of the old slave *regime* in the South has not been surpassed, and perhaps will not be equaled, among men.

And as the fidelity of the slave during the war bespoke the kindness of the master before the war, so the unquestioning reverence with which the young men of

the South accepted, in 1865, their heritage of poverty and defeat, proved the strength and excellence of the civilization from which that heritage had come. In cheerfulness they bestirred themselves amid the ashes and the wrecks, and, holding the inspiration of their past to be better than their rich acres and garnered wealth, went out to rebuild their fallen fortunes, with never a word of complaint, nor the thought of criticism!

So much for the past of the South—and only in so much as it must affect the future. The South is still held by a homogeneous people, and its salvation must be wrought by the descendants of

those who have made its history. There is no appreciable infusion of new blood. And the old blood in its descending strains will scarcely mount higher, run more clearly or resolutely, flow more freely at duty's call or stain less where it touches, than in the turbulent and strenuous days that are gone. In devotion, in courage, in earnestness, in ability, the sons shall not surpass their fathers. Happy will it be for them and for theirs if in these cardinal virtues they equal them!

But the sons fight under new conditions, for greater ends, in broader fields. The blight of slavery is lifted from above and about them. The wall that shut them in is leveled, and the South stands

in unhindered comradeship with the world. Doubt or aversion does not withhold, nor does ostracism repel the uttermost stranger from her gates. The promise of her great destiny, written in her fields, her quarries, her mines, her forests, and her rivers, is no longer blurred or indistinct, and the world draws near to read.

How rapidly she has adapted herself to these new conditions—how she has grown to the requirements of her larger duty—how she has builded from pitiful resources a great and expanding empire, these letters shall now proceed to tell. And the writer will find a keener pleasure in relating, as his people have found in amassing, in the knowledge that every

blow struck for the South and every sheaf gathered to her harvest have also deepened the glory and prosperity of this Republic, that, conceived in American wisdom, won by American valor, sustained in American hearts, is at last indissolubly cemented with the best of American blood.

CHAPTER II.

When my business partner came home from the war, in which he had gallantly commanded a battery, he had neither breeches, home nor money. His wife cut up a woollen dress she had worn for years, and made him a pair of breeches. Gathering odds and ends from the ruins of Atlanta, he built a shanty, of which love made a home. His father gave him a five-dollar gold piece, of which ingenuity made capital. In three years he had built a \$1,500 home—in eight years a \$6,000 home. He now has a \$60,000 suburban home and is worth well over

a quarter of a million dollars. His life is an epitome of the South in 1865—its swift energy—its cheerful heroism—its shrewd knack of turning something from nothing—its stages of growth—and its present prosperity.

The people of Atlanta in 1864 crept out of the diagonal holes cut, like swallows' nests, in the hillsides, in which they had abided the siege, to find their city in ruins. Old citizens could scarcely thread the course of familiar streets through ashes and debris. As the refugees straggled back, and the soldiers, afoot from Virginia, found once more their dismantled homes, the ruined city trembled with the energy of a camp. Strenuous as life had been in

the South for four years, its most desperate struggle had but begun. The fortitude of the march, the courage of the charge, the heroism of the retreat, the touching sacrifices of the ill-paid and ill-equipped soldier-life—these were to be emphasized and prolonged, when the tattered flag no longer flew, the quick roll of the drum had ceased, and the comradeship of the camp and march was dissolved. From defeat and utter poverty were to be wrought victory and plenty. There was no faltering—no repining—but Atlanta worked as she had fought, for all that was in her. Five hundred shanties were made of the iron roofing of destroyed buildings. Four posts were driven up—iron sheeting tacked about

them, a cover laid, a door cut, and in these, with pitiful huckstering, was established the commercial system that now boasts its palatial stores, its merchant princes, and is known and honored the Republic over. In 1866, there were but four men in Atlanta worth \$10,000. In 1889, there are six millionaires whose wealth aggregates \$10,000,000; nine others assessed at more than \$750,000 each; fourteen others worth over \$500,000 each; and twenty-one worth from \$250,000 to \$500,000 each. These fifty citizens, now worth over \$30,000,000, were not worth \$250,000 in 1865. Back of them is a prosperous city filled with well-to-do people and capital of a prosperous State. How was this progress wrought?

HIGH PRICES AND DESTITUTION.

In 1864, a cavalryman was saluted by a citizen with: "I will give you \$20,000 for that horse." "The devil you will! I just paid a nigger \$1,000 for currying him!" About that time I paid \$1,200 for two wool hats, such as now retail for *fifteen* cents, the dealer having knocked off \$300 in consideration of my taking the two. Enormous quantities of depreciated currency were afloat, unsettling values and provoking reckless and desperate trading. So vast was the issue that Gen. Toombs charged that "the treasury department ran the money presses all day and let the niggers run 'em all night to work their

wages off." The depreciation of the currency, however, did not hinder or warn the people who had staked all on the success of the Confederacy. No matter what a man bought, it would bring more money than he paid for it. The story is told of a speculator who bought several hogsheads of sugar at ten cents a pound, and sold at twenty cents. Shortly after, he invested his fortune in sugar at twenty-five cents, and sold it at forty, and so on to the end. Each time he made more money, but it would buy less sugar. He kept at it, adding to his increasing profit and decreasing quantity until he found himself, in 1865, with \$2,000,000 clear profit on sugar, which would not buy enough to sweeten his parched-pea coffee.

The day after Lee surrendered, a friend of mine sold for \$110,000 in Confederate money a comfortable home. Notes given for slaves, which were free in a week, were sued, and pronounced valid by the supreme court.

From this era of inflation, the Southern people dropped to complete destitution. The currency they had accumulated was valueless. The bonds they had stored for emergency were worthless. Their slaves were freed. Their governments destroyed. Their farms stripped by the foraging of two armies and the demands of two governments. Guerrillas of both sides plundered under cover of law. The swamps were ransacked for hidden stores or crops. The torch, carelessly

and revengefully handled, completed the desolation. To meet this awful crisis and to rebuild from these pitiful resources, was a people stunned by defeat—with ranks decimated by war, partnerships sundered, every family circle broken, and those relations that had knit together families and neighborhoods forever shattered. There was dislocation everywhere. And everywhere the weeds of the widowed and the cries of the fatherless. In every country grave-yard there were new-made graves, and the Virginia valleys were red with the best blood of the South. Miriam and her hand-maidens were yet in the depths of the flood!

THE ERA OF SPECULATION.

In the midst of this desolation, small eddies of trade whirled this way and that. A few men, shrewder than patriotic, had steadily bought gold for the past two years. They had traded Confederate bonds for diamonds or silver. Others had hidden cotton and tobacco in swamps or cellars, and found it good as gold when hauled from its hiding-place. There were garrisons of Federal troops in almost every town, paid off in greenbacks, which went rapidly into circulation. The abnormal lack of money, and the pressing demand for it, tempted many sutlers to invest, and brought some

money from the North. The city of Atlanta issued scrip, redeemable for taxes, and it passed current. Trading was fast and furious. Almost indescribable activity ensued, and, strangely enough, "flush times" were on us before the ashes had been carted from the buried streets, and the lamentation of the bereaved had ceased. The recklessness of war was carried into the conservative ways of peace. The provisional and republican administration issued bonds and scattered money lavishly. The enforced abstinence of four years took its revenge in full gratification, and the sales of coffee, cheese, sardines, and like articles, were astonishing. There was feverish tumult in all trading centers, great or

small, and there was neither time nor inclination to think of the past or future.

In the country, excitement and speculation ran even higher. The few bales of cotton exhumed after the war readily brought sixty-five cents a pound, and the demand was eager and unsatisfied. At such prices, there was a fortune in every acre. The negroes, cat-like in their local attachment, had been jostled out of place but little, even by the passing armies. They were still ready to work, and appeared to think that freedom was justified when they left their master's slave quarters and hired out to his neighbor. And so cotton became king. It had always been king, and the slave had been his prophet. These two the planter

never surrendered to sentiment or law. An intelligent man would himself volunteer, and call his sons, even to the mother's boy, to his side in the ranks, but would resist to the uttermost when his sorely pressed government attempted to levy one of his slaves. General Toombs, more responsible for the war than perhaps any other man, and pledging to the Confederacy his life and his honor, openly rebelled when it proposed, that its starving armies might be fed, to limit by law the acreage each man should plant in cotton. And in '65, though its prophet was gone, cotton was king again.

The demand for land was universal. Great plantations brought astonishing

prices. It was believed that cotton could be raised only scantily by free labor and that high prices would continue. This delusion was fatal. It started the South wrong. It gave the local merchant credit at the North—and he in turn gave credit to the cotton grower. The planter would pledge his land to cotton—and put a lien on his crop. On this the merchant would advance him cash and supplies. This money, coming before it was earned, was easily spent; and it is said that Atlanta sold more pianos at \$600 apiece than were sold ten years later at \$250. Under the stimulus of high prices for cotton, the Southern people loaded up with land at fancy figures, and then went

under lien to the merchant for cash and supplies.

COTTON ONCE MORE KING.

Cotton worth sixty-five cents in 1866 brought only forty cents in 1867. This was still high enough to tempt reckless land-buying and reckless planting. In 1868, it declined to eleven and one-quarter cents, but ran up in a few weeks to thirty-six cents. After this, it went down steadily, involving thousands in ruin. The Hon. B. H. Hill bought several plantations and stocked them lavishly on credit. He lost over \$250,000 in his planting operations, and, although he coined more than a million dollars from his brain, was for years hampered with

his losses. Land had practically no selling value. Superb estates that had brought \$200,000 dragged at \$10,000, and estates that had sold for \$65,000 went unhindered to the sheriff's hammer for taxes. Broader than these personal losses was the oppressive system entailed on the planting class. Having once mortgaged his crop for supplies to his merchant, the farmer was practically the slave of that merchant. Under the declining price of cotton his crop would barely pay his lien. He was thus left dependent for the next year's supplies on his merchant, who charged him what he pleased. The official report of the Commissioner of Agriculture of Georgia shows that an average of 54 per cent.

usury was charged on all supplies sold to the farmer on credit, and that he bought his meat, bread, hay, stock, and often his butter and eggs, devoting his land entirely to cotton. When he saw the wisdom of raising his own corn, bacon, grasses and stock, he was notified that reducing his cotton acreage was reducing his line of credit. He was thus helpless. Carrying this burden of usury, and buying everything he needed, and having stocked his farm on credit, he made slow progress. How he progressed shall be shown hereafter. Suffice it to say here that he gradually diversified his agriculture, slowly paid his debts, and this year—for the first time

since 1859—raised in Georgia all the corn that Georgia needs.

The Southern merchants began business with an interest rate of five per cent. a month. It dropped rapidly to one and a half to two per cent. a month, and halted there stubbornly. As late as '78 Georgia issued a ten per cent. bond. She has since floated a four per cent., and money rules in Atlanta at from five to seven per cent. From its speculative beginning business steadied wonderfully quick in the South. The old soldiers traded as resolutely as they fought. There is a smaller percentage of failures in the South than in the West. Every city has its board of trade building, and well-equipped exchanges for its different

departments of business. Commercial ethics are high, and business integrity is valued and respected among a people who for years had nothing but integrity as capital and credit. There are slightly more than fifty millionaires in the South, and of this number more than three-fourths made their fortunes in the legitimate buying and selling of goods. From Maryland through Texas the merchants are prosperous, public-spirited and able. In everything that has adorned the South they have been foremost and constant.

THE CREATORS OF THE NEW SOUTH.

Let me close this article with one point that may be carried through the

series. The South has been re-built by the Southern people. I shall often use Atlanta as an example, for it is a typical Southern city. None is more generally thought to be so largely the result of Northern capital and enterprise. And yet the census of 1880 shows that of 47,588 people in Fulton county (of which Atlanta is the capital), less than 1,000 were of Northern birth. This will astound those Northern men who, amazed at Atlanta's simple and comprehensive growth, have declared the South never had built and never could build such a city, but that it was a "Yankee city" in the South. Let me particularize. The census shows that of the 47,588 people in Fulton county, 38,648 were

born in Georgia. Of the rest, 2,102 were born in South Carolina, 752 in North Carolina, 1,464 in Alabama, 1,200 in Virginia, 795 in Tennessee, and 472 in other Southern States. This gives us 44,951 Southern born. To this add 1,391 foreigners, and we have 46,814. Deduct this from the total, 47,588, and we have 774 as the total of Northern-born citizens of Atlanta. This is the city that is oftenest cited as a "Northern city in the South." Since 1860 the South has lost nearly one-fourth of its foreign born population in spite of the tremendous tide of foreign immigration that flows in at Northern ports. Further—the South had less Northern-born citizens in 1880 than in 1860. In the eight South Atlan-

tic States there were even fewer Northerners in 1880 than in 1870. In Georgia in 1870 there were 6,613 citizens of foreign birth; in 1880 only 5,848—this in a total population of 1,542,180. In 1880 there were 139,971 more Southern people living North than Northern people living South.

The South has been rebuilt by Southern brains and energy.

THE SOUTH IS AMERICAN AND RELIGIOUS.

We regret that our brothers from the North have not taken larger part with us in this work. We have also watched with regret the great current of immigration sweeping westward, giving us nothing and even absorbing into its

mighty volume one-fourth of what foreigners we already had. But our status has its compensations. It has given us a homogeneous people—compact, earnest, sympathetic, and united when unity means more of safety than it ever meant to any people before. It has left us the straight and simple faith of our fathers, untainted by heresy and unweakened by speculation. The spirit of Americanism—of popular liberty, of love for democratic principles and institutions—burns steadily and unobstructedly here. Anarchy, socialism—that leveling spirit that defies government and denies God—has no hold in the South. Here the old churches are the best churches, and the old creeds still living and saving. Here

law and order reign. Here government is supreme, and if we love well that government which touches us most closely, we love none the less that government which, above all, blesses all.

It may be—it may well be, unless some brave statesman shall challenge the incoming hosts at our ports, and demand that they shall be worthy of citizenship before it is bestowed upon them—that in the South, here amid this homogeneous and God-fearing people, may be lodged the last hope of saving the old fashion in our religious and political government. While, therefore, we welcome immigrants to our matchless domain, we prefer that they shall come in befitting order rather than pell-mell—as friends and

neighbors, to mingle their blood with ours, to build their homes in our fields, honoring our Constitution, reverencing our God. Until such immigrants come we prefer to work out our own salvation, as we have largely done for twenty-five long and strenuous years.

How well we have done this in the line of agriculture and manufacturing the succeeding article will tell.

CHAPTER III.

A few years ago I told, in a speech, of a burial in Pickens county, Georgia. The grave was dug through solid marble, but the marble headstone came from Vermont. It was in a pine wilderness, but the pine coffin came from Cincinnati. An iron mountain overshadowed it, but the coffin nails and screws and the shovels came from Pittsburg. With hard woods and metals abounding, the corpse was hauled on a wagon from South Bend, Indiana. A hickory grove grew near by, but the pick and shovel handles came from New York. The cotton shirt on the

dead man came from Cincinnati, the coat and breeches from Chicago, the shoes from Boston; the folded hands were encased in white gloves from New York, and round the poor neck, that had worn all its living days the bondage of lost opportunity, was twisted a cheap cravat from Philadelphia. That country, so rich in undeveloped resources, furnished nothing for the funeral except the corpse and the hole in the ground, and would probably have imported both of those if it could have done so. And as the poor fellow was lowered to his rest, on coffin bands from Lowell, he carried nothing into the next world as a reminder of his home in this, save the halted blood in his veins, the chilled marrow in his bones,

and the echo of the dull clods that fell on his coffin lid.

There are now more than \$3,000,000 invested in marble quarries and machinery around that grave. Its pitiful loneliness is broken with the rumble of ponderous machines, and a strange tumult pervades the wilderness. Twenty miles away, the largest marble-cutting works in the world put to shame in a thousand shapes its modest headstone. Forty miles away four coffin factories, with their exquisite work, tempt the world to die. The iron hills are gashed and swarm with workmen. Forty cotton mills in a near radius weave infinite cloth that neighboring shops make into countless shirts. There are shoe fac-

tories, nail factories, shovel and pick factories, and carriage factories, to supply the other wants. And that country can now get up as nice a funeral, native and home-made, as you would wish to have.

IRON BECOMING KING.

The industrial growth of the South in the past ten years has been without precedent or parallel. It has been a great revolution, effected in peace. How, from poverty, such progress has been wrought can be told only in figures. Words cannot compass it. Let us then to figures! We start with iron, which is the base of all industrial progress. In 1880 the South made 212,000 tons of iron. In 1887 she made 845,000 tons—thus quadrupling her

output in seven years. But this is small compared to the future. The South is now building, or has already finished since 1887, thirty-two iron furnaces with a capacity of 3,400 tons per day or over 900,000 tons a year. In 1890 her output will be about 1,800,000 tons, although it was but 212,000 tons in 1880. In 1889 the Birmingham district alone will produce more iron than the entire South produced in 1887. This growth is not remarkable when we consider that iron can be made in the South from one to three dollars a ton cheaper than in the North. Mr. R. P. Rothwell, editor of the *Mining and Engineering Journal* of New York, saw pig iron made in the South at an actual cost of \$7.30 a ton, to which he added, for "renewals

and incidentals," one dollar, making the cost \$8.30 a ton. An English expert of the highest character says:

"The South will not only control the iron market of the North, but of England."

Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, who has just invested largely in Southern furnaces, said, referring to Alabama:

"This will be a region of coke-made iron on a grander scale than has ever been witnessed on the habitable globe."

Mr. Lowthian Bell, of England, after investigating for a year, reported to the Iron and Steel Institute of England:

"Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama will prove a match for any part of the world in iron-making. Iron can be made there

at little more than half the cost of the North."

Mr. Samuel Thomas, of the Lehigh Valley furnaces, has just finished at Birmingham the finest two furnaces in the world, and says iron can be made much cheaper there than in the North. The South is already naming the price for iron in the North. Had General Toombs said, when he was reported to have said he would call the roll of his slaves at Bunker Hill, instead, he would bring iron from the slave States, through Pittsburgh, and undersell Pennsylvania at Bunker Hill, he would have made quite as surprising and a much more truthful remark. For just that thing has been done! The magnitude of the iron busi-

ness in the South is shown in the operations of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company. It has a capital of \$10,000,000. From its five furnaces, in blast in 1887, it turned out more iron than the Thomas Iron Company, of Pennsylvania, with twelve furnaces. And it is now adding, or has since then added, five more furnaces and steel works. It ships its product to Canada, California, and every intervening State and Territory.

It is an axiom in our new iron region that "An iron furnace is like godliness. Have that, and all the rest shall be added unto you!" From this theory the "magic cities" of the South have sprung. Of the growth of these, let the story of

Birmingham give proof. That city was founded in about '72.

MARVELOUS GROWTH OF A SOUTHERN
CITY.

With \$12,000 the Elyton Land Company, composed of about twelve Southern men, bought 5,000 acres of land, and laid off a city. There were mountains of iron and acres of coal adjoining ; and this was the basis for the city. When the first sale of lots occurred, the auctioneer got lost in the wilderness about dusk, and discovered by his own placards, which he accidentally stumbled over, that he was on the corner of Sixty-fifth street and Fifth Avenue. The \$12,000 of paid-in capital was converted into \$200,000 of stock,

making 2,000 shares of \$100 each. On this capital \$5,500,000 in cash dividends have been paid. Every dollar invested was once worth \$4,000 in open market, and every dollar is now worth \$2,500, and more than \$5,000 in cash dividends have been paid on each dollar invested. In one year the taxable value of Jefferson county, in which Birmingham is located, rose \$14,000,000. Land has sold at \$3,000 a front foot. A man worth \$4,000 started a home to cost \$1,500. Before he had finished it he was worth \$500,000, enlarged his plans for his home, and paid \$18,000 for the hard-wood finish of its facings and staircases. Such a tremendous hive of industry as Birmingham is can hardly be found elsewhere in America. It is nota-

ble that the projectors—the men who have made fortunes in this city—are Southern men, without an exception.

The iron furnaces, better than building cities, have opened the way to collateral industries. In 1870 the South mined but 3,193,100 tons of coal; in 1880, 6,049,471 tons. In 1887 she mined 14,620,000 tons. In 1880 her production of coke was 299,430 tons; in 1885 (the last figures I have in mind) 603,105 tons. Not less, certainly, than this development of coal and coke have the iron furnaces given stimulus to smaller iron industries. The cost of shipping so heavy a thing as iron to the North, to be made into gins, plows, stoves, and like heavy goods, and the cost of shipping them back, tempted cap-

ital into shops and factories. Mr. Perry, a large stove-maker of Albany, N. Y., who lately established immense stove works in Tennessee, stated in print that he saved \$20 a ton on freight by supplying his Southern trade from Southern works. Many factories have found the freight-saving the fullest percentage of profit they needed. Rolling mills were the first industries that followed the furnaces. Gins and cotton presses were close to these. Plows and cotton planters followed. Then came stoves, hollow-ware, nails, piping, and sash stuff. After these came bridge works, engine and boiler factories, chain works, car works and locomotive works. Excellent saws are now made in the South. The logical

movement of supplying the local market with goods made at home, of home-made iron, rather than paying these heavy freights, gave the local factories such success that they rapidly extended their field. Atlanta now sends plows into Mexico, and ships agricultural implements to Central America. She is even competing with the North in nearer markets, and we have our eyes on the Pan-American delegates now traveling over the continent. They shall not escape to their homes without being told in indifferent Spanish that the South is their nearest and their best market.

The growth of the iron industries provoked other ventures. In Atlanta the best gold watches are now made, the

finest pianos, double concave razors and sewing-machines. In Birmingham pins, in Gainesville matches. It is curious to note how the industries of the South have been built up, step by step, and how the system has grown of its own growth. A few years ago a firm in Atlanta began making paper bags. It sold these all over America, having a branch depot in Chicago. It then added cloth bags. It then built a cotton factory to supply the cloth for its bags. Later it doubled the factory. And now it has just added a bleachery at a cost of \$100,000 to prepare the cloth. A number of men established successful proprietary medicines in Atlanta. Two box factories followed—and now a glass and bottle factory, with

\$90,000 capital, supplies them with bottles. Each item grows out of another. And so vast and varied are our resources that the system is a miracle of success and expansion. The last census shows that Atlanta stands third in the list of American cities in the proportion of actual workers to entire population. Lawrence, Mass., is first; Lowell, Mass., second; and Fall River, Mass., and Atlanta, Ga., tie at third place!

UNPARALLELED DEVELOPMENT.

Here is a wider instance of how one industry in the South has brought others into being: Cotton seed on the old plantation was burned, or dumped into rivers as worthless. It was after slavery was

abolished that some one discovered the seed was a good fertilizer, and it was then covered into the worn cotton fields. Then it was found it made a good food for cattle and sheep. After awhile some one pressed thirty-five gallons of oil out of a ton of seed, and sold the oil for thirty-five cents a gallon. He found that the seed, stripped of the oil, was better food and fertilizer than when it was so rich and heavy. Experiments with the oil developed that it could be refined up to \$1 a gallon, at which figure it is sent to Italy and shipped back as olive oil. The hulls, first used as fuel and their residue sold as potash, now prove to be excellent food for cattle. The refuse makes the best and cheapest soap stock.

To treat this pregnant seed and adapt its riches, a vast and complicated system of factories was needed. Over one hundred and eighty immense cotton-seed-oil mills, costing \$100,000 each, grind the seed, and over fifty refineries, costing half as much, clarify and improve it. An enormous system of acid chambers and fertilizer mills have followed, to work the cotton-seed meal of the oil mills into fertilizers. In Georgia alone \$1,826,000 have been invested in ten years in fertilizer factories that work up mainly Carolina phosphates, Georgia cotton meal, and native iron pyrites for sulphur. Ten years ago Georgia imported every ton of her fertilizers, usually high-priced guanos. Last year 202,000 tons, of fer-

tilizers, worth \$5,500,000, were sold in Georgia, and the Georgia factories produced 165,000 tons, worth over \$4,000,000. Then there are soap factories to convert the refuse of the oil mills into soap. And now, near each mill, are immense pens, in which thousands of cattle are fattened on the hulls. These, in turn, will lead to packing factories, and increase the fertilizer factories. The oil output of the cotton seed, fifteen years ago thrown away, represents \$60,000,000 a year, and the value of the meal and hulls for fertilizing or fattening stock, is \$40,000,000 more. More than \$40,000,000 are invested in plants for the manufacture of its various products. Surely, God has led the people of the South into this

unexpected way of progress and prosperity.

From 1880 to 1887 there were invested in the South \$260,000,000 in manufacturing. This put 225,000 mechanics to work that had hitherto been idle or at work elsewhere. As has been shown, each of these new industries is reason for another. The industrial system of the South responds, grows, thrills with new life, and it is based on sure and certain foundations. For it is built at the field, by the mine, in the field—from which come the cheapest and best and fullest supply of cotton, iron and wood!

The industries of other sections—distant from the source of supply—may be based on artificial conditions that in time

may be broken. But the industrial system of the South is built on a rock—and it cannot be shaken! It is in the heart of the source of supply of iron, coal and wood—the great elements of all industries!

In the next article will be treated the agriculture of the South and its growth, no less amazing than the story told above.

CHAPTER IV.

I was once riding through Lancaster county, Pa.—shown by the census of 1880 to be the richest agricultural county in America. I was anxious to know by what means Lancaster had wrested from Dutchess county, N. Y., this distinction. “What’s the secret of your supremacy?” I asked a farmer. “Tobacco,” he replied.

Shortly after, I was riding through a scorched and stricken strip of North Carolina—now happily reclaimed. I wondered what was the cause of the un-

thriftiness, and inquired. "Tobacco," was the reply.

The difference was that in Carolina, tobacco was made the sole crop. In Lancaster it is made the crown and money crop of a diversified agriculture. The one crop system never made any people prosperous. It very nearly ruined the farmers of the South. I have shown in a former letter how the high price of cotton in 1866-9, put every available acre in the South in cotton—how the merchant advanced money and supplies, taking lien on the crop not yet planted. See how this worked. The farmer started with nothing, the war having robbed him. He bought on credit the bread and meat his labor consumed while it made his cot-

ton, and borrowed money with which to pay the laborers' wages. He was thus in bondage to the money-lenders of the East and to the corn raisers and hay growers of the West. In this mad race between a money crop and a mortgage, the smaller industries of the farm were utterly neglected—the farmer bought his hams, his lard, his bacon, and often his butter and his fruit from the merchant. Cotton was king—and then a despot.

WHAT COTTON DOES FOR THE SOUTH.

Cotton is a plant worthy of homage. The soil has not yet given to the hand of man its equal. Let us see. This year's crop, 7,500,000 bales, will furnish 3,000,000,000 pounds of lint, which would clothe

in a cotton suit every human being on earth, and yield to Southern farmers \$350,000,000 in cash. The lint sold, there will be left 3,750,000 tons of seed. This will supply 150,000,000 gallons of oil, which, sold at forty cents a gallon, will bring \$60,000,000. Or it may be reduced to lard, when it will produce 1,125,000,000 pounds of edible fat. This grease, healthful and nutritious, is equal in pounds to 5,625,000 hogs of 200 pounds each. Allow 200 pounds of edible fat to one person per annum, and this would keep in meat 5,625,000 citizens. But this wonderful plant is not exhausted. After the seeds are stripped of lint, and the oil pressed from the seeds, there remain the hulls and the meal. Of each ton, the oil takes

only 250 pounds, leaving 1,000 pounds of hull and 750 pounds of cake or meal. This is unequaled as a fertilizer, of which we should have left 3,000,000 tons. But it is also the very best food for cattle or sheep. Fed to either, it will first make meat or wool, and then, as animal manure, go back to enrich the soil. Of stock food, it will furnish 6,568,500,000 pounds, enough to stall-feed 1,175,000 beeves for one year. These in turn would furnish meat for 6,000,000 more of people. Such are some of the possibilities of this royal plant.

Those who read these stunning figures will hear with astonishment that the farmers who grow this plant are not the richest farmers in the world. And yet

even more is to be said of its advantage. It gives to those who grow it a monopoly that is beyond the reach of competition. How important this is in these days when steam and electricity have annihilated distance, can be seen from a study of the situation. What other product does the American farmer grow, in growing which he is not thrown in direct competition with the cheap labor or boundless area of other countries?

THE GREAT COMMERCIAL CHESSBOARD.

Steam has made of the earth a chessboard, on which men play for markets. Our Western wheat grower competes in London with the Russian and the East India. The Ohio wool grower watches

the Australian shepherd, and the bleat of the now historic sheep of Vermont is answered from the steppes of Asia. The herds that emerge from the dust of prairies might hear in their pauses the hoof-beats of antipodean herds marching to meet them. Under Holland's dykes, the cheese and butter makers fight American dairies. The hen cackles around the world. California challenges vine-clad France. The Dark Continent is disclosed through meshes of light. There is competition everywhere. The husbandman driven from his market balances price against starvation, and undercuts his rival. This conflict often runs to panic, and profit vanishes. The Iowa farmer burning his corn for fuel is not an

unusual type. Of all the American farmers the cotton grower is the one who is not driven almost to despair by competition. The mortgage-laden farms of the West, the deserted farms of New England—these tell the story of foreign competition. Even in our own land the occupation of new areas increases constantly the wheat and corn and grass acreage. It is estimated that the Powell survey of irrigable land makes an area eight times as large as Indiana. Add this to wheat and corn-producing lands, and at the same time withdraw the Southern States, now raising their own grain, from the list of purchasers, and what is the prospect ahead of the American grain grower?

But it may be urged that the cotton grower in the South has competition in Egypt, India, Brazil and Russia. Let the record answer. In 1872 the American supply of cotton was 3,241,000 bales. The foreign supply, 3,036,000 bales. At that time the world had been for twelve years seeking a substitute for American cotton. For five years the Southern ports had been shut by war, and all that ingenuity could do had been done to promote cotton culture in foreign countries. The result was that America made hardly 200,000 bales in excess of her foreign rivals. That was in 1872. In the year 1888 the American supply was 8,000,000 bales; the foreign supply, 2,100,000 bales; both expressed in

English bales. So that, in spite of new areas opened elsewhere, of fuller experience, of spreading civilization, of better transportation, of unlimited money spent in experiment, the foreign supply of cotton has decreased since 1872 nearly 1,000,000 bales, while the Southern supply has increased nearly 5,000,000 bales. That shows that the monopoly of the South is not only fixed, but deepening. Cotton is yearly becoming more popular. Since 1872 the population in Europe has increased 13 per cent.; cotton consumption has increased 50 per cent. Cotton is steadily driving out wool and flax. Since 1880 cotton consumption in Europe has increased 28 per cent., the consumption of wool only 4 per cent., while the

consumption of flax has decreased 11 per cent. As for new areas, the uttermost missionary wooes the heathen with a cotton shirt in one hand and the Bible in the other, and no savage, I believe, has ever been converted to one without having first put on the other. Not only is the Southern monopoly in cotton fixed, but it is broadening. In the past three years the crop has increased 1,400,000 bales, and yet the fixed supply of cotton has grown less each year. The present year's crop of 7,500,000 bales will be taken and consumed, and 8,000,000 bales will be needed next year. Within five years the South will sell 10,000,000 bales of cotton in a single crop, and will receive from lint and seed not less than

\$600,000,000. This stupendous income is not doled out to each farmer at starvation prices to meet driving competition elsewhere, but it is paid to farmers who control a monopoly, and who, practically, fix their own prices. This enormous stream of money flowing into the South every year—the result of a monopoly that can neither be destroyed nor diminished—must in the near future make the South exceedingly rich.

A SOUTHERN TEST.

The Atlanta Constitution, which has a weekly circulation of 130,000, has preached for ten years from this text: “If the South can keep at home the \$400,000,000 it gets annually for its cot-

ton crop, it will soon be rich beyond competition. As long as she sends it out for the supplies that make the crop, she will remain poor." Slow but tremendous changes have come. In one year the oat crop of Georgia went up from 2,200,000 bushels to 9,000,000. The South, in 1888, raised 393,000,000 bushels of grain in excess of what was raised in 1872, and added 182,000,000 head to her herds and flocks. This was accomplished by pulling slowly out of debt, and planting a patch of corn or wheat here and there, as the obligation with the merchant permitted. This immense increase in food crops and stock has not diminished the cotton crop, which, as I have shown, has been increased by 5,000,000

bales. This year, it is agreed, the South has grown such crops as her soil never before produced. The seasons have been perfect, and the land has simply produced all it could carry. Back of this bountiful crop is the fact that it was made at least 25 per cent. cheaper than any crop since the War. The Farmers' Alliance, with 120,000 members in Georgia alone, pledged its members to closest economy, effected co-operative buying, which reduced prices, and used co-operative credit which abolished usury. The farmer, therefore, bought less and bought cheaper.

The result is not only instant but general elation. It means practical clearing up of the current debts of the Southern

farmer, and hereafter that he will plant as a free man. This, in turn, means wiser and better agriculture.

Naturally, the grain and grass crops have brought to the South the smaller husbandries of the farm. The hen-coop and the dairy follow wheat and clover. How bare the Southern farms have been of these small industries can hardly be understood. I have studied the commission houses of Atlanta, only to find poultry from Ohio, onions from St. Louis, eggs from Indiana, butter from New York, potatoes from Illinois, apples from Michigan, hams from Louisville, canned goods from Maine or California. Not one item from Georgia.

The reasons for this were manifest.

Cotton absorbed everything. Without barns and granaries there was no barnyard. Nor was there much inducement to raise truck or poultry. There were few and insufficient markets. There were no canning or preserving factories in which the surplus could be marketed. Facilities for transportation were scant, schedules slow, and prices high. With increase in urban population—with shops and factories and artisans—with great systems of railroads and consequent reduction of time and freights—with canning factories and evaporators—came farm husbandry in its true sense to the South. Georgia now realizes more than \$1,000,000 a year from melons alone. From Chattanooga berry trains run solid

to the North. Poultry trains traverse East Tennessee, three or four a day. Ships are loaded at Charleston and Savannah with early vegetables and fruits for the East. The largest peach orchard in the world is in Georgia, owned by a brother of Charles Stewart Parnell. One peach-grower at Marshallville, Ga., deposited in bank \$64,000 this year as profits from peaches. In Mississippi creameries are established successfully. From Putnam county, Georgia, the express company took, last year, 90,000 pounds of Jersey butter, and six years ago that county imported all its butter. The advantage of the South in these petty industries of the farm is manifold. The season is five or six weeks earlier than in the

North, and the South thus gets first and best prices in the Northern market. Lands and labor are cheaper here, the seasons are longer, two or three crops being grown from the same land. These advantages have set out orchards, vineyards, patches from one end of the South to the other.

SOUTHERN AGRICULTURE BROADENING.

An excursion of Georgia farmers went to Ohio this fall on a special train, to study the dairies and the cheese factories of that State. They came back with this declaration: "If Ohio farmers find butter and cheese-making profitable on land worth \$300 an acre, with a grazing season of six months, we can certainly find

it profitable with equally good lands at \$5 to \$10 an acre and a grazing season of ten months." In addition to this, the cattle need very little shelter in winter. The result will be an immediate impetus in the South to grass and cattle.

Every step in the South has been made through slow and costly experiment. The value of cotton seed was discovered after millions of dollars had been wasted. Irish potatoes were grown for ten years before a variety was found that would stand shipping. For six years the farmers shipped culls and imperfect melons before they found that it paid best to ship fine melons. The curse of the farm before the war was Bermuda grass. There was no way to kill it, and when it got

hold of a piece of land it was abandoned as hopeless. It is now found that Bermuda grass gives the best pasturage for cattle and the best results in hay, and a farm set in Bermuda will bring \$20 an acre, while the same land without it will sell for \$5. From six to eight tons of sweet, nutritious hay, commanding \$20 per ton, can be taken from an acre of Bermuda. It is estimated that 50,000 acres will be set in Bermuda grass in Georgia this year.

Grass means more cattle, and more cattle means better cattle. Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, says :

“The farmers of no section on earth have ever had such opportunity as the Southern farmers who adopt this plan.

Plant alternate lots of grass and cotton ; run cattle and sheep on the grass lots ; feed them in the winter with cotton seed hulls and meal. Put back the soil in animal manure the fertilizing qualities of cotton seed cake and hulls. Every year or two alternate cotton lots with grass. By these lots have orchards, corn, wheat, and truck patches. The cotton lint, the oil, the wool, mutton and beef, and the surplus fruit, furnish money crops not equaled on earth. The grass, cotton seed hulls and cake keep the stock, while the wheat and corn and truck patches support the family."

I know that this combination is not surpassed elsewhere on earth. Add to it perfect climate, cheap and abundant lands

and labor, good schools and churches, a hospitable people, and you have conditions of advantage that ought to fill the South with thrifty farmers from the North. The one difficulty, the inadequacy of the home market, is rapidly disappearing. As I showed you, in eight years the South increased the number of its artisans 242,000. Cities are growing as if by magic, and good markets are being built up in every county. The other difficulty of poor and high transportation has been surmounted. The railroad systems of the South are equal to those of any other section and are under control of State commission law.

Such, in a hurried sense, is an outline of the growth of agriculture at the South in the past ten years, and its possibilities for the future.

CHAPTER V.

The race problem casts the only shadow that rests on the South. Truly the negro avenges the wrongs put upon him by the New England traders who brought him from Africa, and the Southern slave-holders who held him in bondage. For fifty years he estranged the sections of this Republic. For five years he was a central figure, if not the direct cause of desolating war. And for twenty-six years of freedom he has presented a problem that perplexes the wisest minds, again estranges the sections, touches with doubt all Southern enter-

prise, and that problem deepens, it is to be feared, as the years go by. Shall we ever see the end of the trouble that came with the slave traffic and slave-holding?

Let us see precisely what the problem is. It is to carry in peace and honor and prosperity two dissimilar races with equal civil and political rights and nearly equal in number, on the same soil. No two races have ever lived in peace in the same fields, save when one was in complete subjection to the other. Wherever whites and blacks have met, in any age or country, save in the South, there have been collision and violence—inexpressible and irreconcilable. Thomas Jefferson, who predicted sixty years ago that the slaves would be freed, also predicted that

the two races could live together in peace. Mr. Everett held that colonization alone could save the freedman. Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster were of like opinion. They did not dream, perhaps, when considering the difficulties of peaceful and gradual emancipation, of the added difficulties that would come from the sudden striking off of the shackles with a bloody sword, and the instant enfranchisement of the whole race of freedmen. They simply declared, in the light of past history, that no two races could be carried on the same soil, in peace, if they had equal political rights.

CONDITIONS OF HARMONY BETWEEN TWO
RACES.

If a statesman were asked what conditions he would require to reverse the universal verdict of the history of races, and to carry two races on the same soil in peace, he would probably say :

1. That the races shall be as nearly alike as possible ; so that the race antipathies would not be strong, nor the race differences marked.

2. That the two races should be as nearly equal in intelligence and property as possible, so that neither could easily oppress or tyrannize over the other.

3. That each race should earnestly de-

sire a fusion of blood in which all differences would be lost.

4. That there should be no long-standing cause of suspicion or hostility between the races, so that frankness and sincerity might have their full weight.

5. That the experiment should be voluntary on both sides, so that both races shall come to it cheerfully and without sullenness or restraint.

6. That there should be no outside interference to irritate and excite, but that the problem should be left with the two races at interest.

Those are the conditions that any wise man would consider prerequisite to a settlement of the racial problem. They make the basis for a very interesting

book, "An Appeal to Pharaoh," published anonymously. Now let us see the actual conditions under which the white and black people of the South are set to solve their problem.

1. The races are not only not "as near alike as possible," but they are the two most dissimilar types of the human race. At every point the racial difference is positive and striking. The two colors—white and black—are hardly more extreme than the differences that follow.

2. The races are not only not "nearly equal in intelligence or property," but more unequal than any two races that are in juxtaposition to-day. Nineteen-twentieths of the property in the South, and almost the same percentage of intelli-

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gence, is with the white race, leaving the other race ignorant and irresponsible.

3. Not only do the two races not "earnestly desire fusion," but both races are pledged against it as the one impossible thing.

4. Not only is there not "no long-standing professed cause of hostility," but there is the deepest cause of hostility that can exist—in that one race has been in servitude to the other for a century.

5. Not only is the experiment not "a voluntary one on both sides," but it was forced on the two races after a long and fierce war, in which one race was stunned and crippled, and the other thrown into dazzling freedom.

6. Not only is there not "no interfer-

ence from outside sources," but the most irritating and partisan interference is exercised all the time. The North persistently misjudges and misunderstands the race problem in the South, and interferes unwisely and unjustly.

In spite of these difficulties—which must appear insuperable to impartial minds—the South hopes and believes she can solve this problem. Her best and wisest men give it their best and wisest thought. Certain lines of action have been laid down and are unchangeable. Among these are two principles that are essential.

SOUTHERN BELIEFS REGARDING RACE
TROUBLES.

First—That the whites shall have clear and unmistakable control of public affairs. They own the property. They have the intelligence. Theirs is the responsibility. For these reasons they are entitled to control. Beyond these reasons is a racial one. They are the superior race, and will not and cannot submit to the domination of an inferior race. Never has a white race been long subordinated to a colored race. Less than any white race, will the English-speaking people submit to the domination of a colored race. Less than any colored race, can the African race, forever in

servitude, win or maintain such supremacy.

It may be asked, then: "Why do the Southern whites fear the political domination of the blacks?" They do not fear that directly. But the blacks are ignorant, and therefore easily deluded; impulsive, and therefore easily led; strong of race instinct, and therefore clannish; without information, and therefore without strong political convictions; passionate, and therefore easily excited; poor, irresponsible, and with no idea of the integrity of the suffrage, and therefore easily bought. The fear is that this vast swarm of ignorant, purchasable, and credulous voters will be compacted and controlled by desperate and unscrupulous

white men, and made to hold the balance of power wherever the whites are divided. This fear has kept, and will keep, the whites "solid." It would keep the intelligence and responsibility of any community, North or South, solid.

The Southern whites remember the shameless villainies of negro supremacy, under carpet-bag leaderships. The world will never hear, or hearing, believe, the excesses of those days. Deep as was the degradation to which these sovereign States were carried, and heavy as is the burden they left on this impoverished people, it was only when the white race, rallying from the graves of its dead and the ashes of its homes, closed its decimated ranks, and fronting federal bay-

onets, and defying federal power, stood like a stone wall before the uttermost temples of its liberty and credit, and the hideous drama closed—that the miserable assault was checked.

The whites understand that the slightest division on their part will revive those desperate days. In Virginia there was disagreement on the debt question, and Mahone, taking the demagogue side of that issue, rallied the negroes and captured the State. In North Carolina a division on prohibition promised to lead to the same result. So that the whites have agreed everywhere to sink their differences on moral and economic issues, and present solid and unbroken ranks to this alien and dangerous element. This

once done, the rest is easy. Banded intelligence and responsibility will win everywhere and all the time. Against it numbers cannot prevail.

We hear much of the intimidation of the colored vote in the South. There is intimidation, but it is the menace of the compact and solid wealth and intelligence of a great social system. Against this menace, peaceful and majestic, counter-organization cannot stand. That is why the negro fails to vote in the South. He will not vote except under persistent and systematic and inspiring organization, This organization cannot be effected or maintained against a powerful and united social system that embraces the wealth and intelligence of the community.

Without organization, no party can be carried at the polls—less than all, the Republican party of the South, made up almost entirely of negroes. Did the hope of spoils inspire, then they might organize, but they themselves have learned that Republican victory brings them nothing but the sorriest of crumbs. The negro as a political force has dropped out of serious consideration, and will there remain until he is so uplifted and educated and led into steadfast ways, that the whites will dare to open or divide the phalanx that now holds unchallenged control of political affairs in the South.

Second -That the whites and blacks must walk in separate paths in the South.

As near as may be, these paths should be made equal—but separate they must be now and always. This means separate schools, separate churches, separate accommodation everywhere—but equal accommodation where the same money is charged, or where the State provides for the citizen. Georgia gives her State University \$8,000 a year; precisely the same sum to her colored university. When the colored university insisted on educating whites and blacks together, the Legislature withheld its appropriation, but the money was held in the treasury for two years, sacred to the uses of a colored university, and has just been voted in bulk to Morris-Brown College, which

agreed to admit no white students, but to stand on separate education.

The negroes of Georgia pay but one-fortieth of the taxes, and yet they take forty-nine per cent. of the school fund. Railroads in Georgia provide separate but equal cars for whites and blacks, and a white man is not permitted to occupy a colored car. This separation is not offensive to either race, but is accepted by both races as the best conducive to the common peace and prosperity. There are fanatics and doctrinaires who hold that separation is discrimination, and that discrimination is offensive. Conclusive reply to this objection is found in the history of the churches in the South.

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, known in the South as the Northern Methodist church, sent its missionaries to the South to establish churches. White and black preachers met in the same conference, and white and black parishioners worshiped in the same churches. Here everything favored union. The Northern Methodists were in full sympathy with the negroes, and most of them were abolitionists. The negroes trusted and loved the Northern Methodists, for it was the North that had given them freedom, and it was the Methodists that gave them churches. But the union did not last; the congregation separated, and finally the white and black preachers, finding

that they could not remain in the same conference, established for each State a white and colored conference for their church. Back of this, the great body of negro Methodists joined the African Methodist church, into which no white man is admitted, the preachers, elders, and bishops being black. This is very much the strongest church among the negroes in the South. The negro Baptists are also separately organized. Fraternal delegates are sent to the colored and white conferences of all the churches, and the utmost harmony prevails. But there is no desire on either side for union. In temporal as in spiritual affairs the interests of both races are best served by separate but equal paths. The attempt

to force commingling of the races, where the habits and instincts of both races object, would produce irritation and lead to hopeless conflict.

It must not be imagined that the negro is outlawed in the South. He has ten avenues of employment in this section to where he has one in the North. White and black carpenters and masons work together on the same buildings. White and black shoemakers and mechanics in the same shops. White and black hackmen drive on the same streets. White and black farmers work in the same field. Whatever the negro is fitted to do, he has abundant chance to do. All this, too, in the South, where the negro is in such numbers that he

seriously competes for work and lowers wages. All this is done, too, without protest or without friction. But the white and black carpenters, working together on the same building, go to separate homes at night, to separate churches on Sunday. White and black mechanics in the same shop send their children to separate schools. White and black farmers in the same field ride to market in separate cars. This distinction may seem trifling, but it is natural. It responds to an instinct planted by the Almighty in the two races. It is the wisest and the best course.

On these two lines of action, political and social, the South has moved rapidly towards the solution of the race problem.

If left alone, it can solve it. Interference simply irritates, and outside opinion simply misjudges. The negroes are prospering and are contented. Malignant agitators who seek office from the government, or notoriety, or bribes, inveigh against the status, and magnify the occasional disorders. Happily the records show that the negro is prospering. In Georgia he has amassed property taxed at \$10,000,000 and worth twice as much. In every Southern State he owns farms and city property. His children have good schools. He has his churches, his societies, and his sports. And he is prospering faster than the same number of people, just released from a century of slavery, without property or education,

could prosper in any community on this earth. If the negroes of Alabama had been carried to Iowa twenty years ago, displacing an equal number of white men, misled and wrongly advised as they have been at home, and passing through the same periods of political irritation, they would not have had to-day one-half the property or prosperity they now have in Alabama. The American Republic has achieved great things, but it will have nothing better to render into the keeping of universal history than the progress made by the two races in the South in the past twenty-five years towards the adjustment of their relations and the solution of the problem that is theirs.

CHAPTER VI.

Some one, wittier than kind, has said :
“ The old men of the South, sitting amid
their ruins and looking for better days,
remind me of the Spanish hidalgos sitting
on the porches of the Alhambra and
looking for the return of the Spanish
Armada.”

There is pathos, but little fun, in that,
to me. These old men, for the most
part, lived stainless lives. The curse of
fallen humanity, slavery, under their
wisdom and kindness, largely lost its
horrors and lived by the excellence of
its administration when it had been con-

demned by the world. About it they built a civilization that in tender and engaging grace has not, perhaps, been equaled. The scenes amid which they moved, as princes among men, have vanished forever. A grosser and more material day has come in which their gentle hands could garner but scantily, and their simple hearts beat but feebly. And so, without a murmur, they pass quietly from the stage—never to give place to princelier and better gentlemen. As they sit in the porches of their dismantled homes, into which dishonor never entered, and to which discourtesy is a stranger, and gaze out to the horizon beyond which their Armada has drifted forever—though the sea shall not yield

them from the argosies that went down with their ships—yet their sons, rendered back in God's mercy, shall find them richer and broader prosperity than that they have lost.

Years ago I was a chum of one of these old gentlemen. That is, I would sit at his side and listen for hours to his quaint and courtly talk. I can see him now as I write—his kingly figure, his ruddy face, his white hair, his lisle thread gloves, his closely buttoned coat—hiding poverty and pain. And with his memory comes the picture of old Colonel Newcome, as he used to stand in his black gown, with the order of the Bath on his breast, and answer "Adsum" with the pensioners in Greyfriar's hospital. For my old friend,

too, leaned in his old age on a charity he might have bought a thousand times over in his youth. One day he said to me: "Do you know, it appears to me that turkeys have lost their flavor?" I avowed that, to me, the great bird was still toothsome. "On my island,"—for he was one of those sea-island kings—"they fed largely on mast, which gave a nutty richness to their meat. I had thousands every year—the finest birds imaginable." I suggested that from these great droves of turkeys he must have had quite an income. "Income!" he replied, "why, my young friend, no Southern gentleman ever sold poultry!"

I happen to know the old man's son—a strong, upright, manly fellow. He came

home from the war a bullet or two heavier than when he left college, and throwing off his gray jacket—hung up, however, for his children to revere—he went to work. Sell poultry? Well, I should say so! He sells the eggs, then he sells the meat, then he sells the feathers, then he has the soil of his poultry-house scraped up and sold. From these once despised resources—sold with huckster-like exactness, though in larger spirit—he has rebuilt the fortunes of his family, and restored his father to independence. I see them often—the old man, trembling and aged, but happy in the heart and home of his son—the young man, confirmed in his new life, and holding it to be, though more strenuous, yet broader

and better than the old life ever could have been. And as they walk out together—and they often do—each honoring and respecting the other, though their lives are wide apart, I notice that the old man's hand seeks lovingly the young man's shoulder, and rests there, ennobling it with the knighthood of the fifth commandment, as it lays there the unspeakable blessing of an honored and grateful father !

Along the line of the gulf coast, near where ex-President Davis lately lay dying, and on the South Atlantic coast, from Darien to Charleston, there is where our *Illum fuit* is yet written. There the bat yet flits through deserted mansions where once beauty and chivalry gathered amid

scenes of splendor. Immense rose-gardens burst upon the traveler in the midst of a deserted wilderness. Through magnolia groves gleam the white pillars of palaces, empty and desolate. Avenues of orange trees lead the curious to heaps of ruins that tell of the torch, dead thirty years ago. On parterres where once peacocks swept in royal beauty, ill-omened birds now lope and hover. Rabbits gambol by the light of the moon in superb gardens where once in splendid fetes the moon itself was shamed. Swarms of negroes, seeking the coast by instinct, hold almost undisputed possession. Always the country homes of the rich—points of luxury and pleasure—the busy

South has not yet found time to reclaim and rehabilitate these homes.

Royal homes were these old "sea islands"—principalities in area, dukedoms in revenue. The main product was the long staple cotton, which commanded three times the price of ordinary cotton, and of which they had a monopoly. Often a thousand slaves were owned by one islander, and on the mainland, tended his rice plantations. Every species of game thronged the forest of the island, and the tropical fruits flourished. All that art and wealth could do to make these islands enchanting was done. Guests from both sides of the ocean found there hospitality that the best homes of England could not surpass.

Pleasure vessels opened the sea to the planter and his friends, and his own ships carried his cargoes to and fro. On the mainland was clustered the oldest and best society of the States. In Liberty county (Georgia) is the home of Lyman Hall, one of the signers of the Declaration. It is now occupied by an illiterate negro. A mile away is the old Medway church-yard, in which lie buried four of Georgia's governors. Near that church, that cradle of liberty in Georgia, a few months ago, a man claiming to be Christ harangued thousands of negroes. They deserted home, fields, everything, and lived with their new Messiah. The most horrible rites and orgies ensued. Negroes of both sexes, perfectly naked,

galloped on all fours around the false Christ, grunting like hogs, until they fell exhausted. When he was arrested they ran naked in troops for miles, following the sheriff's buggy. They then set up a black Queen of Sheba, and worshiped her. Despoiled of their queen, they rallied about a dusky exhorter, who claimed to be King Solomon—the obstinacy of their superstition literally paralyzing the industry of the county. This, too, a county that for half a century was the ruling center of wealth and intellect in Georgia.

The exceeding beauty and richness of the islands along the Georgia coasts have attracted Northern millionaires. Mr. Carnegie bought "Dungeness," the

old home of General Nathaniel Greene. It was here that Eli Whitney, a tutor in General Greene's family, invented the cotton gin. At the first test of the gin the cotton packed on the roller. Mrs. Nightingale, General Greene's daughter, observing Whitney's annoyance when the cotton clogged the machine, took her tortoise-shell comb from her hair, and holding it firmly against the roller, solved the problem. It is at "Dungeness" that Light Horse Harry Lee, the father of General Robert E. Lee, is buried. "Dungeness" was famous for its rose-gardens, covering acres and acres, and for the beauty of its old mansion. Mr. Carnegie restored the gardens, avenues and mansion, and no prince has a finer estate.

Jekyll's Island, near by, has been bought by a club of Northern men, who have already spent over half a million dollars, and have but begun. Jekyll's is thick with game. All manner of ducks fill its bogs and ponds. Quails make its thickets musical. There are over two hundred deer in one drove. Wild turkeys, squirrels and opossums abound. English pheasants were introduced and have multiplied amazingly. The owners are delighted with Jekyll's, and intend to make it the rival of Tuxedo.

The beauty of Southern scenery, and the tenderness of Southern skies, have caught the attention of many of the very rich men of the North. Mr. H. M. Flagler, of the Standard Oil Company, has

spent over \$7,000,000 in hotels and improvements, and his Ponce de Leon and Alcazar are not equaled in the old world or the new. Mr. George Vanderbilt purchased a mountain near Ashville, in the famous "land of the sky," and has outlined improvements that will cost over \$3,000,000. In Florida a number of millionaires—including a foreign prince and duke or so—have made superb winter homes. By the way, Florida has recovered what she lost to California two years ago. The tide of travel is turning again, and Florida is not only confirmed as the winter garden of the Republic, but its sanitarium. The air and the sunshine of the South make life delightful, which recalls a little story. A Northern lady and a

Southern one were thrown together for a day or two. The Northern lady had criticised the railroads, the hotels, the homes, the towns, the farms of the South. At last she said :

“I tell you, though, I do enjoy your balmy air, and your genial sunshine.”

“I am so glad,” replied her Southern neighbor, “for that’s about all the Yankees left us.”

In 1860, Georgia, Alabama, and South Carolina were, with the exception of Rhode Island, the three richest States in the Union. In 1880, they were, with the exception of Idaho, the three poorest. In the above comparison wealth is meas-

ured by the holdings *per capita* of the citizens of each State. After twenty-five years of peace and of unusual prosperity, Georgia has just reached again the total of her tax books in 1860, minus her property in slaves.

What a pull it has been! Through the ashes and desolation of war—up the hill, a step at a time, nothing certain—not even the way! Hindered, misled, and yet always moving up a little, until—shall we say it?—the top has been reached, and the rest is easy! The desperate days of starvation—the doubtful days of experiment—these are over. And now the world will witness a change in the South, little less than magical. The ground has been prepared—the seed

put in—the tiny shoots tended past the danger-point—and the day of the mighty harvest is here!

The Comstock lode is, perhaps, the richest spot of the earth. And yet, all about it is bleakness and misery. Its teeming riches have gone to build up distant cities and carry great currents, of which the miners, gasping in its depths, hear but dim report. The cotton field is a new Comstock lode. And for years the farmers fought in destitution, as the miners fight, while the bales of cotton, as of silver, went to enrich the cities beyond their horizon. At last they have learned how to catch the ebbing sea at the edge of the patch, and throw its enriching flood back on their own fields.

The long-leaved pine, now standing in Southern forests, would yield, at \$10 a thousand feet—the crudest form in which it can be rendered—\$500,000,000 in excess of the total taxable value of the South, including cities, railroads, farms, personal property, everything. That is an enormous possession! But that does not satisfy the New South. Made into furniture, that pine would bring \$50 instead of \$10 a thousand feet. And so, in something over four hundred and fifty factories, she is turning it into furniture.

Nobody imagines that the somewhat comical revolution in Brazil—in which the people said to the emperor: “If you please, sir,” and the emperor, good soul, said to the people: “With pleasure,”—

was the off-hand affair it looks to be. Under the surface for years and years the republican forces have been at work, advancing, retreating, trying, failing, patiently learning, testing, strengthening, until at last everything was ready, and it was just—"Presto! change!"

For twenty-five years the industrial forces of the South have been at work under the surface. Making little show, experimenting, working out new ways, blocking up old ways, peering about with the lamp of experience barely lit, digging, delving, struggling, until at last the day has come, and independence is proclaimed. Now watch the change take place with almost comical swiftness!

I cannot, of course, attempt to answer,

here or elsewhere, the inquiries these articles have brought and will bring. However, there is one, from a lady in Maine, that may very well be answered. She asks: "Do you people of the South acknowledge that the cause your fathers fought for was wicked and wrong?"

We do not. We would not be worthy of those fathers if we did. Nor of national fellowship. We accept as final the arbitrament of the sword, to which our fathers appealed. In perfect loyalty and sincerity we have taken up the new work that comes to our hands, hoping for nothing better than to do that work well. This is as far as generous men should ask us to go. It is as far as brave and self-respecting men can go.

Lately a number of Georgians went to Ohio. At a public reception one of the Georgians stated he had fought at Gettysburg. Shortly afterwards an elderly lady in black asked for the Georgian who had fought at Gettysburg. He was pointed out. She said to him:

“Did you fight with the rebels at Gettysburg?”

“I had that honor, madam!”

“My husband was killed in that battle.”

“It brought sorrows to many noble and innocent hearts, madam!”

“I wanted to tell you, sir, that, at last I—” The voice faltered; the eyes filled; the head was bowed—and, in silence, the widow caught the hand of the Georgian,

and held it in loving and forgiving grasp !

Why cannot the lady from Maine rest her case—why cannot we all rest ours—where the lady from Ohio rested hers?



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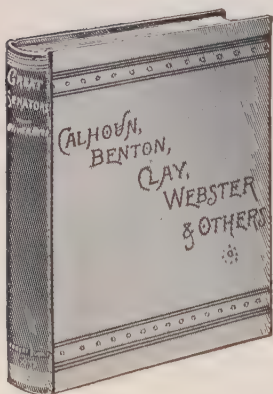
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